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RIES
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED, REVISED, AND CORRECTED,
WITH NOTES,
By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

A NEW EDITION,

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

Dr. SWIFT.

O D E,

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,

Written at Moor-park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies!
Till, its firſt emperor, rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt!
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt 's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found;
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtra
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been
With rules from muſty morals bi
'Tis you muſt put us in the way
Let us (for ſhame!) no more be
With antique reliques of the de
The gleanings of philoſophy;
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſcho
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our preſent life, in hopes of gc

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Lea
We oddly Plato's paradox make gc
Our knowledge is but mere remembranc
Remembrance is our treaſure and
Nature's fair table-book, our tender ſo
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty
Stale memorandums of the ſchoc
For Learning's mighty treaſures
In that deep grave a book;
Think that ſhe there does all her t
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill hat
ſhe dy'd.
Confine her walks to colleges and ſ
Her prieſt, her train, and foll
As if they all were ſpectres t
They purchaſe knowledge at
Of common breeding, com
And grow at once ſcholars

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up, and nauſeate company.

IV.

Curſt be the wretch! nay doubly curſt!
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt enemy)
Who learn'd himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this general peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances met,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controuls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius's fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war;
War that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For, though with loſs, or victory, a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt:
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth, and dies:
And ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep deſigns and politicks,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly)
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and diſcover all:

How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs, the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little mouſe, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muſe!
What ſerpent 's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence,
And though as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And though he oft' renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,

He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did re-unite;
Till, at laſt, tir'd with loſs of time and eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muſe! the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd virgin ſtrain,
Shew the delights thy ſiſter Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy fields;
Go, publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the Muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight,
She ſoars clear out of ſight.
Theſe are the paradiſes of her own:
Thy Pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Though ne'er ſo gently led,
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violent o'er his uſual courſe.
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft' ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loth to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X. In

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee,
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden 's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade;

Some

Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw:
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the Muſe's gallies tied,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the Muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble Muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe;
And ſince, too oft' debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe:
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy:
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE

ODE,

TO THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb, never to flow again,
When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain, which was higheſt firſt of all,
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houſhold did embark,
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem, in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II. The

II.

The eager Muſe took wing upon the waves' decline;
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat,
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder ſtorm and rain)
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King *.
And the Dove-Muſe is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war)
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood!
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old;

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT.——This cannot now be recovered.

And

And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When, with amazing joy, ſhe hears
An unknown muſick all around,
Charming her greedy ears,
With many a heavenly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love;
While angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſick with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young, and (almoſt) Virgin-Muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and waſps, in buzzing about wit.

In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect,
Muſt e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they 've made
Railing, a rule of wit, and obloquy, a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us, the blind and thoughtleſs crowd,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp Heaven ſets on all that's great and good,
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far, to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home, in fear
Of every cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.

The

The wits, I mean the atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the ſtage;
Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to ſenſe,
Againſt all logick, and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

V.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little, do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms juſtling in a heap;
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the ſun;
They're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI. But

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene,
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye)
That what ſurprizes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round,
To make ſome great diſcovery;
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king,
(Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, ſtill doat, on his inviſible ring?

VII. Were

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right,
As to paint Echo to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe, alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry,
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Men's folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us what is Fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion ſit,
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfuſion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out theſe, believe true Fame is there,

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known
in you.

VIII.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly ſlippery God, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame,
and air,
So well you anſwer all phænomena there?
Though madmen and the wits, philoſophers and
fools,
With all that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and
ſhame,
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſe-
leſs doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in
ignorance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himſelf to help him out.

IX.

IX.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it paſs'd,
But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft' in fools and madmens hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel Muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,

And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you and on your childrens' head?
For you (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conſciences to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on; the empire comes from us,
And had they common generoſity,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—though you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And, ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me,
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

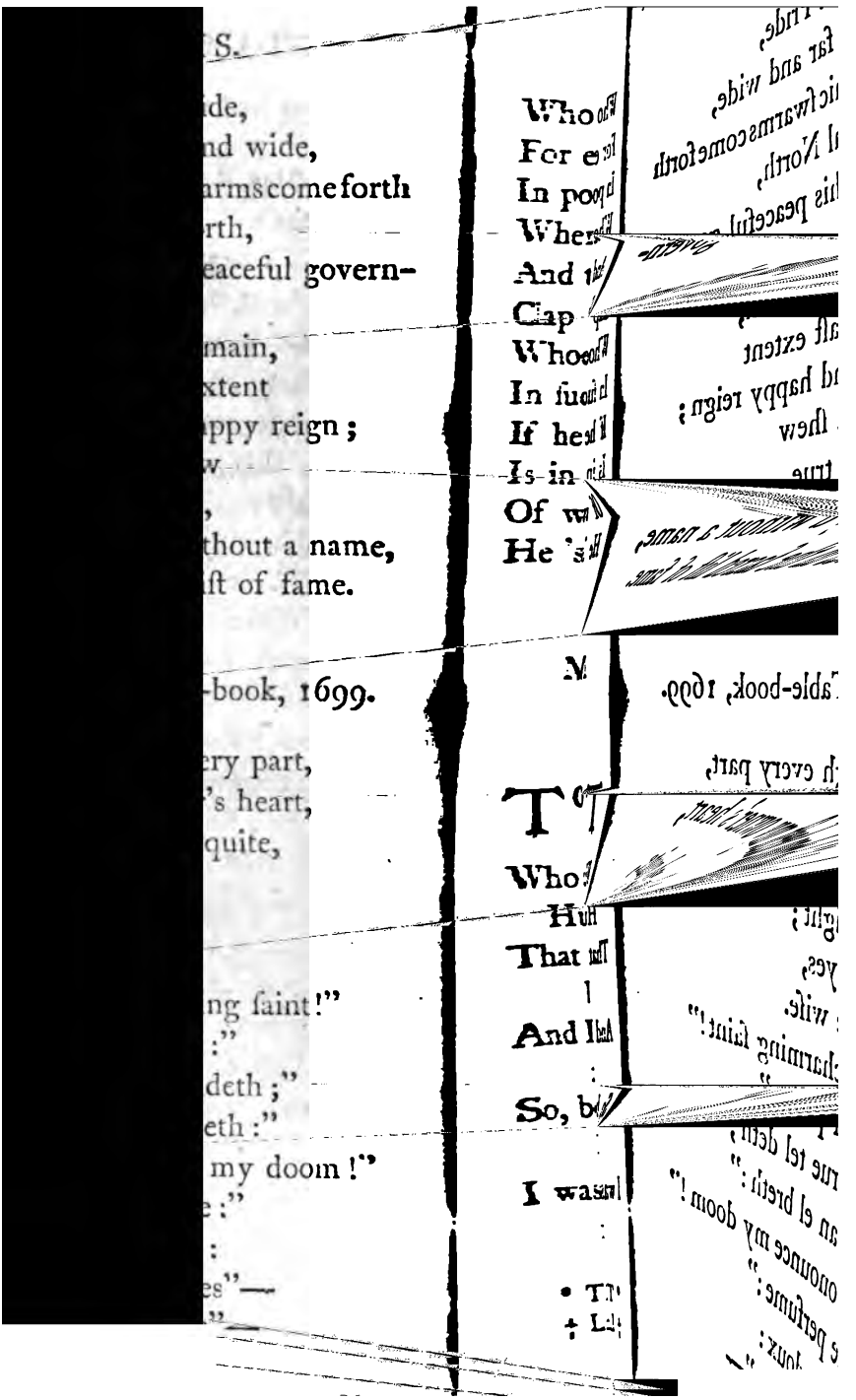
XI.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing of an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqueror's death,
When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.
I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.



Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In power of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe to blot it out;
And then, to heighten his diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS's PETITION.

1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland *, The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries;
Humbly ſheweth,
That I went to warm myſelf in lady Betty's † chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, beſides farthings in money and gold;
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolved to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.

* The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.
† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterward Germaine.

Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to-bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſays Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a-ſwearing:
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my lord Colway's § folks are all very ſad:
For my Lord Dromedary || comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail.
Says Cary **, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward ††, I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *gooſeberrics*.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief;
Now, you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief:

* Wife to one of the footmen.
† Earl of Berkeley's valet.
‡ The old deaf houſekeeper.
§ Galway.
|| The earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was to ſucceed the two earls.
** Clerk of the kitchen. †† Ferris.

However,

However, I was reſolv'd to bring the diſcourſe ſlily about:
Mrs. Dukes, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a louſe *;
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſe ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body underſtands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me! ſaid ſhe (bleſſing herſelf) if ever I ſaw 't!
So ſhe roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *chaplain* † came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

* A uſual ſaying of hers.
† Dr. Swift.

So,

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil!*)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no text for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a parſon's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me! and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my money, and ſhall loſe my true love too!
Then my Lord call'd me: Harry *, ſaid my Lord, don't cry;
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: and, ſays my Lady, ſo will I.

* A cant of word of lord and lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

Oh!

Oh! but ſaid I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your Excellencies,) I muſt petition you.
The premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforeſaid, or, inſtead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, ſhall ever pray.

A BALLAD.

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC,

Written at the Caſtle of Dublin, 1699.

MY Lord *, to find out who muſt deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the doctor out.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How †.

* The earl of Berkeley.
† Paymaſter to the army.

My

My Lady, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But, wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a crown,
'Twill juſt new-dye the lining.

" With theſe is Parſon Swift,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD,

To the Tune of, THE CUT-PURSE *.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would need ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verſes in the author's room unfiniſhed, wrote under them the concluding ſtanza; which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.

Then

Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite;
That he came through the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it need muſt be one that could both read and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 'twas civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Chor. Let cenſuring, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mixt little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own, you were at a dead liſt:
And,

And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Chor. Let cenſuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wiſe lord Berkeley firſt came here *,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate,
To give the town and country ſport.
Now enters † Buſh with new ſtate airs,
His lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who, in all profound affairs,
Is held as needful as his ‡ clyſter.
With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder,
Aſks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.

* To Ireland, as one of the lords juſtices.
† Buſh, by ſome underhand inſinuation, obtained the poſt of Secretary; which had been promiſed to Swift.
‡ Always taken before my lord went to council.

Imagine

Imagine now, my lord and Buſh
  Whiſpering in junto moſt profound,
Like good king * Phyz and good king Uſh;
  While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark not too well bred,
  Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
  To over-hear the grand diſpute;
To learn what Northern kings deſign,
  Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin;
  For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.
My lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
  Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
  How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
  The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's ſnout,
  And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
  By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congée circumflex,
  Buſh, ſmiling round on all retreats.
Our liſtener ſtood a while confus'd,
  But gathering ſpirits, wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd,
  By two ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

* See "The Rehearſal."

THE

THE PROBLEM.

"THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the natural cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow,
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;

But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars
Does ſympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unſavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt:
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He f—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.

The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—d, you lye,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.

Ladies,

Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let's not fall out; we all had ſhare,
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord's a univerſal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pies and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an Ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The Lion, Eagle, Fox, and Boar,
Were Heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſide the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.

'Tis well;—but, ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove, what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
  Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the Serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
  So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a Snake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder.
"Sure that muſt be a Salamander!"
  Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the ſkin to light,

And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So I have ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects,
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the Salamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.
" Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
" If this be not a Salamandar?"

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROW,

Who commanded the BRITISH forces in SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race,

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately loſt a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH * heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Bleſt revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat, with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſman dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal,
A veſſel with a double keel:
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

ON Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD,

Or, the RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found, far in a country-ſcene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces, from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
Theſe Venus cleans from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Compoſition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS, now ſhortening every ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his buſineſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial cant,
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire, to grant—
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due;
But ſhe the charm already tried:

Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude,
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name!

Of modeſt poets thou be firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May'ſt thou deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the RUINS of WHITEHALL, 1706.

IN times of old, when time was young,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe would draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A Lyric Ode would ſlate; a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging for a ſong.
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a numerous race:
And ſhould they build as faſt as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to build caſtles there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premiſing

Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe, the houſe of poet Van,
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a houſe gone to decay;
Or, by atchievement, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my Muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would ſmoke;

And (like a wag ſet down to write)
Would whiſper to himſelf, a bite.
Then, from this motley mingled ſtyle,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the god, are theſe your tricks?
Why then old plays deſerve old bricks;
And ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and grudging, lent his aid:
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond-hand)
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall;
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room:
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.

The

The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran,
To ſee the houſe of brother Van:
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Takes journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt!
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For every wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither bulk nor ſhape the ſame;
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;

A type

A type of modern wit and ſtyle,
The rubbiſh of an ancient pile.
So chymiſts boaſt they have a power,
From the dead aſhes of a flower,
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF

VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

WHEN mother Clud had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How Miſs pick'd every painted card,
And buſy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a houſe two ſtories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was ſo perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And ſaw them dabbling in their clay,
He ſtood behind a ſtall to lurk,
And mark the progreſs of their work;

With

With true delight obſerv'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
And ſo reſolv'd a houſe to build;
A real houſe, with rooms, and ſtairs,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;
Taller than Miſs's by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards:
And ſo he did; for, in a while,
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchoolboys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves out-done.
From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the ſecond:
No wonder, ſince wiſe authors ſhow,
That beſt foundations muſt be low:
And now the duke has wiſely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But, raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more ſkill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year,
A mouſe-trap-man chief engineer!

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On the ever-lamented Loſs of the Two YEW-TREES in the Pariſh of Chilthorne, Somerſet. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of OVID.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtroller's canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wandering ſaints, in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt!
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable ſire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;

While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtep'd aſide to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,—What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but ſaints, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
While you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.

The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee 't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roaſt-meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robinhood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe,
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the parſon if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:

* The tribes of Iſrael are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed in country churches by the enſigns given to them by Jacob.

ſees, yet hardly can believe,
)ut each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew
l both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
, being old, continued juſt
thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
talk was now of tithes and dues:
ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
:w how to preach old ſermons next,
np'd in the preface and the text;
chriſtenings well could act his part,
l had the ſervice all by heart;
h'd women might have children faſt,
l thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
.inſt diſſenters would repine,
l ſtood up firm for right divine;
nd his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
claſſic authors,—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
ne Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
ead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
)d pinners edg'd with colberteen;
petticoat, transform'd apace,
ame black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
n Goody would no longer down,
ras Madam, in her grogram-gown.
emon was in great ſurprize,
l hardly could believe his eyes,
az'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
l ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
re ſeveral years this man and wife:

When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too —
Nay, — now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe,
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees had ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubbed, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted:
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

ELEGY

On the ſuppoſed DEATH of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-maker. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'ſquire lied.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his crony ſtars
To pay their duty at his hearſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * cobling and aſtrology;
How Partridge made his optics riſe
From a ſhoe-ſole to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;

* Partridge was a cobler.

From whence 'tis plain, the diadem
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden ſtars and rays;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt cobling and the planet ſcience.

Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign Boötes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it boots.

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our ſhoeing-horns,
Shews how the art of cobling bears
A near reſemblance to the ſpheres.
A ſcrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry)
Can, like the ſtars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment elſe but leather?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for almanacks or ſhoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.

Beſides, he could confound the ſpheres,
And ſet the planets by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aſpect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His ſoul and ſpirit did divide,
And each part took a different ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.

Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The cobling and ſtar-gazing part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.

Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On coblers militant below,
Whom roguiſh boys, in ſtormy nights,
Torment by piſſing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke,
Inclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for wax:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;

And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring knife.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit aſtride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the ſigns will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobler, ſtarmonger, and quack;
Who, to the ſtars in pure good-will,
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His pills, his almanacks, or ſhoes:
And you that did your fortune ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find had ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears, 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In phyſick, ſtolen-goods, or love,
As he himſelf could, when above.

MERLIN's PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the ſygne,
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke ſans wetyng ſhoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich underſtonde,
From towne of ſtoffe to fattyn londe,

An hardy chiftan *, woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then ſhall the fyſhe † beweyle his boſſe:
Nor ſhall grin berrys ‡ make up the loſſe.
Yonge Symnele || ſhall again miſcarrye:
And Norways pryd § again ſhall marrey.
And from the tree where bloſums feele,
Life fruit ſhall come, and all is wele.
Reaums ſhall daunce honde in honde * *,
And it ſhall be merye in olde Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon † † ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapſburge ‡ ‡ makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own;
And ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
That par'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.

* of Marlborough. † The Dauphin. ‡ D. of Berry.
|| the young Pretender. § Q. Anne. * * By the Union.
† A king of Spain ſlain by Hercules.
‡ ‡ The Archduke Charles was of the Hapſburg family.

The

The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour,
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhower.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhower your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of ſpleen.
Meanwhile the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

That

That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhower is borne aſlope:
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
And, wafted with its foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where duſt, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while every ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſemſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
Triumphant Tories, and deſponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.

So

So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſtee
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns d
Inſtead of paying chairmen, ran them throug
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels
And bear their trophies with them as they go
Filths of all hues and odour, ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from, by their ſight and ſ
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield to St 'Pulchre's ſhape their co
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill rid
Fall from the conduit prone to Holbourn brid
Sweepings from butchers' ſtalls, dung, guts, a
blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd
mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling dow
the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-Y OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleaſes to enquire
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
The grey old fellow, poet * Joe,
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
Once on a time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

Recko

Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topſy-turvy round
Lit with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.

This is the little ſtrutting pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The ſteeple, Knock; the vicar, * Walls.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs:
On tiptoe ſtood, and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.

A ſchool-boy ran unto 't and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight,
And ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.

Warburton † took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model

* Archdeacon Wall, a correſpendent of Swift's.
† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

Or of a pigeon-houſe or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs Johnſon * gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this ſtir about
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond † gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says ‡ Nancy, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* Stella. † Miniſter of Trim. ‡ The waiting-woman.

THE

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN's ROD.

1710.

THE rod was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His rod was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So, to her midnight-feaſts, the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd,
About a certain magic rod *,
That bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;

* The *virgula divina*, ſaid to be attracted by minerals.

Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect;
As ready was the wand of Sid,
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scotiſh hills found precious ore *,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above, and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That rod was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter opium full as well,
And drive as many ſouls to hell.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to fiſh withal;
A plaice was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of gudgeons took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his fiſh, and ſav'd his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe,
A circle with their rod deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep miſchievous ſpirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,

* Suppoſed to allude to the Union.

When

Where ſpirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to take them in:
But, when th' inchanted rod was broke,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That ſceptre was a ſapleſs twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No hobby-horſe, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's * ſhop,
Or glittering tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to your miſtreſs;

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

Or made it a Newmarket * ſwitch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piſs.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE

TO THE

LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd,
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the ponderous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.

* Lord Godolphin is ſatirized by Mr. Pope for a ſtrong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Eſſays.

Supp

ıppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe;
et, when the weight of kingdoms lies
oo long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
nk down he muſt, or find upholders.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

Scene, The Royal Exchange.

Corydon.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinch no more,
hile other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
ıd laugh aloud, or amorous ditties ſing,
cure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
ıd throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away;
hy ſits my Phillis diſcontented here,
ır feels the turn of the revolving year?
hy on that brow dwell ſorrow and diſmay,
here Loves were wont to ſport, and Smiles to play?
Phillis. Ah, Corydon! ſurvey the 'Change around,
rough all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
ıs! the day, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
ıs to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
en how you ſwore, how many vows you made!
liſtening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
ift the ſoft accents to the gods above.
s! the day; for (O, eternal ſhame!)
ıld you handkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
Red herrings ſhall be ſpawn'd in Tyburn Road;
Fleet-ſtreet transform'd become a flowery green,
And maſs be ſung where operas are ſeen.
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing, this, to Jonathan's ſhall come,
At the Groom Porter's, that, play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are paſt,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waſte.
On templars ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
And with ſhrill voice invite them as they go,
Expos'd in vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be diſtreſt,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruitmens ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plum-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller paſtry ware,
And ice on that; ſo Phillis does appear
In play-houſe and in park, above the reſt
Of belles mechanic, elegantly dreſt.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly paſt, and coming pain;

'Tis

'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before:
A ſecond babe at Wapping muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.
COR. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plums,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him ſomething more.
PHIL. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.
COR. However, you ſhall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall, and bars reſound;
Each ready ſemſtreſs ſlips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1711.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chip'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill:

Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their ſkill in muſick try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt aſſes' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The golden ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;

To whom from Midas down, deſcends
That virtue in the finger's ends.
What elſe by perquiſites are meant,
By penſions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commiſſions ſold,
And turning dung itſelf to gold?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chuſe,
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too has aſſes' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an aſs.
But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the ſenate ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the chymic power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt the popular tide,

The golden ſpoils flew off apace,
Here fell a penſion, there a place:
The torrent mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With aſſes' ears, and dirty hands.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG. 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE*.

AN Orator diſmal of Nottinghamſhire,
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old ſpeech, and the court to their ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Miſtakes to prevent, I have gotten a copy."

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithſtanding, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;

* The lord treaſurer having hinted a wiſh one evening that a ballad might be made on the earl of Nottingham, this ſong was written and printed the next morning.

But,

But, moſt noble Senators, 'tis a great ſhame,
There ſhould be a peace, while I'm Not-in-game.
The duke ſhew'd me all his fine houſe; and the
duchefs
From her cloſet brought out a full purſe in her
clutches;
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a ſtart,
His grace ſwore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-faſhion'd pocket was preſently cramm'd;
And ſooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.

But ſome will cry Turn-coat, and rip up old ſtories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I anſwer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But ſtill I'm in principle ever the ſame,
And will quit my beſt friends, while I'm Not-in-
game.

When I and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
To a plot for expelling my maſter king James;
I withdrew my ſubſcription by help of a blot,
And ſo might diſcover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage and ſtood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be Not-in-game.

I ſwore to the Queen, that the prince of Hanover
During her ſacred life would never come over:
I made uſe of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
"Was like keeping her monument always in ſight."
But, when I thought proper, I altered my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,

That

That her Majeſty ſtood in great need of a Tutor,
And muſt have an old or a young Coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Becauſe, for ſome reaſons, I was Not-in-game.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote againſt Peace, with Spain or without:
Though the Court gives my nephews, and brothers, and couſins,
And all my whole family places by dozens;
Yet, ſince I know where a full-purſe may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus diſappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes;
I'll ſpeech againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
And be a true Whig, while I am Not-in-game.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY. 1711.

WHEN a holy black Swede, the ſon of Bob *,
With a ſaint † at his chin, and a ſeal † at his fob,
Shall not ſee one ‡ New-year's day in that year,
Then let old Englond make good cheer:

* Dr. John Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

† He was dean of Windſor, and lord privy ſeal.

‡ The New Style (which was not uſed in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then obſerved in moſt parts of Europe. The biſhop ſet out from England the latter end of December O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the ſtyle, he found January ſomewhat advanced.

Windſor * and Briſtow * then ſhall be
Joined together in the Low-countree *.
Then ſhall the tall black Daventry Bird †
Speak againſt peace right many a word;
And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue ſhall ſlit.
But, ſpight of the Harpy that crawls on all four,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But Englond muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the ſtick be taken from the dead ſea.
And, dear Englond, if ought I underſtond,
Beware of Carrots ‡ from Northumberlond.
Carrots ſown Thynne § a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in Somer ſet:
Their ‖ Conyngs mark thou; for I have been told,
They aſſaſſine when young, and poiſon when old.
Root out theſe Carrots, O thou **, whoſe-name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that name,
Which backwards and †† forwards is almoſt the ſame.
And, Englond, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe Carrots under a Hill ‡‡.

* Alluding to the deanery and biſhoprick being poſſeſſed by the ſame perſon, then at Utrecht.

† Earl of Nottingham. ‡ The ducheſs of Somerſet.

§ Thomas Thynne of Longleate, eſq; a gentleman of very great eſtate, married the above lady after the death of her firſt huſband, Henry Cavendiſh earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry duke of Newcaſtle, to whom ſhe had been betrothed in her infancy.

‖ Count Koningſmark.

** ANNA. †† MASHAM.

‡‡ Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice —
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: This little maid
Of Love ſhall always ſpeak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch, and bite.

Her

Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.

At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may ſwear the tale went round.

She made a ſong, how little miſs
Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad:
And how when maſter went to p—,
Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife.
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoreſs, and is Curll's for life.

TOLAND's INVITATION to DISMAL,

To dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from HORACE, Lib. I. Epiſt. 5.

IF, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the calves-head with your truſty friends.

* This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the penny papers mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712. They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library.

Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our myſtic feaſt prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt proſelyte, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predeceſſors ſhed;
While an alluding hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt, "Confuſion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpite,
And talk, what fools call treaſon, all the night.
Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not ſo grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our myſterious club to keep our ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace,
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's place.
Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.

But

But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honeſt Harry * is too apt to ſtink.
Let no pretence of buſineſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey calls, ſend word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

Being an excellent new Song upon the Surrender of Dunkirk to General Hill. 1712.

To the Tune of, "The King ſhall enjoy his own again."

I.

SPITE of Dutch friends and Engliſh foes,
Poor Britain ſhall have peace at laſt:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it faſt.
We have got it in a ſtring,
And the Whigs may all go ſwing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their falſe deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again."

* Right Hon. Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Diſmal double Diſmal looks;
Wharton can only ſwear by fits,
And ſtrutting Hal is off the hooks,
Old Godolphin full of ſpleen,
Made falſe moves, and loſt his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and ſhook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather loſe a crown,
"Than the Queen ſhould enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant-ſhips may cut the Line,
And not be ſnapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed-men ſhall have their rent,
Yet our ſtocks riſe *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence ſhall no more millions drain:
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
"And the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What ſignified the French to beat?
We ſpent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford ſwears,
Dunkirk never ſhall be theirs.

The

The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Engliſhmen may fill
A good health to General Hill;
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

Addreſſed to the Earl of OXFORD, 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's buſineſs in his breaſt)
Obſerv'd a parſon near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In queſt who might this parſon be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.

* Eraſmus Lewis, eſq; the treaſurer's ſecretary.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libel'd all the junto round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I deſire to know
"From his own mouth if this be ſo;
"Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
"I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, "Your ſervant, Sir!"

" Does he refuſe me?" Harley cried;
" He does, with inſolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe;
He never meant the leaſt abuſe —
" My Lord — the honour you deſign'd —
" Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
" I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect —
" No man alive has more reſpect — "
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talents, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic, ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.

A canon! that's a place too mean:
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the Iriſh ſeas,
To live in plenty, power, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe,
Travels at leaſt a hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a Dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now all the Doctor's money ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parviſol * diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

But

But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read * would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, " Welcome, Reverend Dean!
" What makes your worſhip look ſo lean?
" Why, ſure you won't appear in town
" In that old wig and ruſty gown?
" I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
" So much, that you neglect yourſelf.
" What! I ſuppoſe, now ſtocks are high,
" You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye?
" Or is your money out at uſe?"—
" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a paſſion cried)
" Your raillery is miſapplied;
" Experience I have dearly bought;
" You know I am not worth a groat;
" But you reſolv'd to have your jeſt,
" And 'twas a folly to conteſt;
" Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
" Pray leave me where you found me firſt."

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear,
For life, ſix hundred pounds a year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;

* The Lord Treaſurer's porter.

'But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reaſon's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus, "Vouchſafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleaſure,
"Direct my plow to find a treaſure!"
'But only what my ſtation fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in verſe as true as proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor ſunk by ſpleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,

It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
' Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
' I thought the Dean had been too proud,
' To juſtle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
' So eager to expreſs your love,
' You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
' But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe —
That begs my intereſt for a place ---
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes
" Without your help, the cauſe is gone—."

The

The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair at two ---
" Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
" Consider, 'tis my first requeſt." ---
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teaze,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his lordship knew ---
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you ---"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As " What's o'clock?" And, " How's the wind?"
" Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
" How think you of our friend the Dean?
" I wonder what some people mean!

" My

" My lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête-à-tête*;
" What! they admire him for his jokes?---
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court:
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
" Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
" Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret" --- I proteſt
'Tis one to me --- " Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town.

THE

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the firſt lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

By an old———purſued
A crazy prelate *, and a royal prude †;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to riſe;
And pauſing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.

Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the parſon in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen;
At Child's or Truby's never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.

But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;

* Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York. † Q. Anne.

To

To better judgements willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politicks his dangerous wit.
And now, the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch * alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſlabie †, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret's out:
" A certain Doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
" From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
" The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."
York is from Lambeth ſent, to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe ‡ writ againſt the ſpleen;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon §, and repents too late.

* The earl of Nottingham.
† They both ſpoke againſt him in the H. of C.
‡ Tale of a Tub.
§ He ſent a meſſage, to aſk Swift's pardon.

Now, angry Somerſet * her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her *****
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot †.
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head ‡,
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delawar § again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe—
The Scottiſh nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‖.
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

* See the Windſor Prophecy.
† The duke of Argyll.
‡ For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."
§ Then lord treaſurer of the houſehold, who cautiouſly avoided Swift while the proclamation was impending.
‖ He was viſited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

THE

THE FAGGOT.

Written when the Miniſtry were at Variance, 1713.

OBSERVE the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
This Tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards;
And others, who in ſolemn ſort,
Appear with ſlender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With quarter-ſtaffs inſtead of white;
Or conſtable with ſtaff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering ceaſe;
Which now diſturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble ſport.

In hiſtory we never found
The Conſul's Faſces were unbound:
Thoſe Romans were too wiſe to think on't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's head!
Or Conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!
Come, Courtiers: every man his ſtick!
Lord Treaſurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
Come, trimming Harcourt *, bring your mace;
And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch, or elſe that raſcal Northey †
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er ſticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great Ormond, lend thy General's ſtaff:
And, if the Croſier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

* Lord Chancellor.
† Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General.

CATUL-

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly ſee,
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

EPIGRAM. From the FRENCH *.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

On a CURATE's Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand:
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Uſing four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing Hymen:

* Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by ſome of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a faſt-day.

I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it!

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written at Windſor, 1713.

THE ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart; —
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league;

Which

Which crimes aforeſaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Againſt our ſovereign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.

The nymphs with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the defendant's counſel roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
Indifferent breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politicks, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,

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From all the thouſand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtruct the courſe,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame;
The fault muſt on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That every article was true;
Nor farther thoſe deponents knew: —
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſs'd.
The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgement-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:

For,

For, if the heavenly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt land and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual Lent.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The Muſes, by their King's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The Muſes oft' were ſeen to frown;
The Graces half-aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;

She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's caſe:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
  There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She'd hear the cauſe another day.
And ſo ſhe did, and then a third
She heard it— there ſhe kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
  Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd;
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
  In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.

Since

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This infant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where every virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or ſages write;
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heaven's high bowers
A ſprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;

Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "Vaneſſa be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame:
"Vaneſſa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſide to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of Learning gravely ſmiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;
Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgement, wit.

Her

Her ſoul was ſuddenly endued
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through every breaſt would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books,
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,

And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft' would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vaneſſa never did!"
Thus by the nymph and ſwains ador'd,
My power ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.

And

And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own:
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
  In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus ſhe greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold)
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heavenly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,

But,

But, uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the Park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
Firſt iſſued from perfumer's ſhops,
A crowd of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in ſoft voice and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe every ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſtening to their idle chat;
Farther than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valued nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape, and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgement was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay—She wants it here!
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,

(To know the world! a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombres, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The Queen of Beauty loſt her aim;
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit:
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus, making others' wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;

But

But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's ſake;
Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
  The Queen of Wiſdom could foreſee,
But not prevent, the Fate's decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
  Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:

He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires,
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politicks and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;

Imaginary

Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſick in his tongue;
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But books, and time, and ſtate affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;

She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd:
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age:
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grande monde*;
And every ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he were bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,

She might excuſe a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.
  Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could ſuch notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe:
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;

Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget;
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong:
Would ſay, he made a treacherous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce;
The town would ſwear, he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care—

thouſand guineas in her purſe!
Doctor might have fancy'd worſe.—
ırdly at length he ſilence broke,
faulter'd every word he ſpoke;
preting her complaiſance,
ıs a man *ſans* conſequence,
allied well, he always knew:
manner now was ſomething new;
what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
rious as a tragic player.
hoſe who aim at ridicule
ld fix upon ſome certain rule,
h fairly hints they are in jeſt,
ıe muſt enter his proteſt:
let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
ıay be caught with ſober lies;
ence which he never taught,
to be free, was dearly bought;
take it in its proper light,
uſt what coxcombs call a bite.
t, not to dwell on things minute,
ſſa finiſh'd the diſpute;
ght weighty arguments to prove
reaſon was her guide in love.
ıought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
loctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
he had planted, now was grown;
irtues ſhe might call her own;
approves, as he diſlikes,
or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
ove, in nature rooted faſt,
ds us firſt, and leaves us laſt:

[illegible] S.

[illegible] her;
[illegible] matter.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] am'd, 6[illegible]
[illegible] dom, fam'd)
[illegible] eem, and awe,
[illegible] saw.
[illegible] then,
[illegible] men. 6[illegible]
[illegible] comprise
[illegible] and wise,
[illegible] and read,
[illegible] were dead!
[illegible] 70
[illegible] friendship strive,
[illegible] face!
[illegible] be her case.
[illegible] every end,
[illegible] author, and the friend; 70
[illegible] her desires will reach,
[illegible] what he can teach:
[illegible] fit
[illegible] her wit;
[illegible] 71
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible] 71
[illegible]
[illegible]

Throug

Through this ſhe made all objects paſs
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some favourite ſyſtem to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
  Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fidler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools may have his choice;
And oft' the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
And, though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.

His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all ſhe ever read!
And had a moſt diſcerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify his pride;
Conſtruing the paſſion he had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion of his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,

On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of every common beau,

Who,

Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious Muſe unfold.
Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For, though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent;
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the cauſe decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;

And

And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the men.
But, in a weighty caſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition (humbly ſhewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end)—
" She was at Lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs race;
" And, were ſhe to begin again,
" She'd ſtudy to reform the men;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To women, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, would do't.

" This

" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since every being loves its like.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all buſineſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The crier was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt " O yes!"
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſeven,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE*.

IN all I wiſh, how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power deſpiſe;
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare;
Where, held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But, what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:

* Found in Miſs Vanhomrigh's deſk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.

Thy

chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
hich he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
e the blind loitering God is at his play,
. ſteal'ſt his golden-pointed darts away:
e darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
ey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
heedleſs God, ſuſpecting no deceits,
ts on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
he poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
from her ſhepherd can find no return,
:nts, and rages at the power divine,
n, curſt Diſcretion! all the fault was thine:
d and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
bred ſuch feuds between thoſe kindred gods,
Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
n one appears, away the other runs.
former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
ıow fill'd up with avarice and pride,
re titles, power, and riches, ſtill ſubſide.
ı, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
tell him, how thy children are undone;
ıre his bolts to give one fatal blow,
ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

A REBUS.

A REBUS. By VANESSA.

CUT the name of the man * who his miſtreſs deny'd,
And let the firſt of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet † who David did chide;
Then ſay what a horſe is that runs very faſt ‡;
And that which deſerves to be firſt put the laſt;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The Name and the Virtues of him I deſign'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the ſtate;
Like the Prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his friends want his aid, or deſert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a deſign, and a ſubject ſo low.
For mean's her deſign, and her ſubject as mean,
The firſt but a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
A Dean's but a parſon: and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muſes or Phœbus.
The corruption of verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphraſe made on a pun.

* *Joſeph.* † *Nathan.* ‡ *Swift.*

But

t a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.
reading this trifle, I quickly began
find her a great wit, but the dean a ſmall man.
:h ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
hich others for mantuas would think fine enough:
the wit that is laviſhly thrown away here,
ght furniſh a ſecond-rate poet a year.
us much for the verſe, we proceed to the next,
here the Nymph has entirely forſaken her text:
:r fine panegyricks are quite out of ſeaſon,
d what ſhe deſcribes to be merit, is treaſon:
e changes which faction has made in the ſtate,
ve put the dean's politicks quite out of date:
w no one regards what he utters with freedom,
d, ſhould he write pamphlets, no great man
would read 'em;
d ſhould want or deſert ſtand in need of his aid,
is racer would prove but a dull-founder'd jade.

)RACE, B. II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

Addreſſed to RICHARD STEELE, Eſq. 1714.

" En qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
" Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."
HOR. 1. Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou'rt reſolv'd, as I am told,
Some ſtrange arcana to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cauſe again:

Which thou (ſuch Burnet's ſhrewd advice is)
Muſt furbiſh up, and nickname Criſis.
Thou pompouſly wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er ſince Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair)
That we a German Prince muſt own,
When Anne for heaven reſigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its ſecret cauſes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty ſtories
Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our ſtate;
And that of dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The Queen, forſooth (deſpotic) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet aton'd!
Believe me, what thou'ſt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, ſince thou'rt got into the fire,
And canſt not eaſily retire,
Thou muſt no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verſe;

Until

Until thou ſhalt have eas'd thy conſcience,
Of ſpleen, of politicks, and nonſenſe;
And, when thou'ſt bid adieu to cares,
And ſettled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to ſhape thy ſtyle:
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
" The ſon and father, join to tell us,
" How ſons may ſafely diſobey,
" And fathers never ſhould ſay nay;
" By which wiſe conduct they grow friends
" At laſt—and ſo the ſtory ends *."
When firſt I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for ſkill in Fauſtus' art †;
Which made thy cloſet much frequented
By buxom laſſes—ſome repented
Their luckleſs choice of huſbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How beſt to ſettle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.
But now the Senate (if things hit
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Muſt feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy ſchemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While patriot-like, thou'lt ſtrut and frown.

* This is ſaid to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In ſome particulars it would apply to the " The Conſcious Lovers."

† There were ſome tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

What though by enemies 'tis ſaid,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Muſt one day come in competition,
By virtue of ſome ſly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch cares diſturb thy reſt.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe ſhrill, or oyſter-ſtrumpet;
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the idol-faces,
As through the hall thy worſhip paces;
(Though this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt tick with Hunter)
Methinks I ſee a black-guard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them ſhout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their ſtyle) is purely hung,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to anſwer one ſyl-lable,
Except the matchleſs hero Abel *.
What though her highneſs and her ſpouſe,
In Antwerp † keep a frugal houſe,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to Macartney ‡ thou wilt toaſt,
And to his pious patron's ghoſt.

* Abel Roper.
† Where the duke of Marlborough then reſided.
‡ General Macartney, who killed duke Hamilton.

Now

Now manfully thou'lt run a tilt
" On popes, for all the blood they've ſpilt,
" For maſſacres, and racks, and flames,
" For lands enrich'd by crimſon ſtreams,
" For inquiſitions taught by Spain,
" Of which the Chriſtian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'ſt ſaid,
As that my Muſe is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for ſtate-affairs as fit
As mine for politicks and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher than our talents riſe;
To ſome ſnug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honeſt ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inſpir'd, we'll club each night
Some tender ſonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, the ſheltering Poet's INVITATION to RICHARD STEELE, the ſecluded Party-writer, and Member, to come and live with him in THE MINT; 1714 *.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canſt lay aſide a ſpendthrift's air,
And condeſcend to feed on homely fair,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unſtor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Chriſtmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by ſubſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papiſt bred,
Has an alarm againſt that worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten paths of cruiſing,
And for new levies on Propoſals muſing.
'Tis true, that Bloomſbury-Square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy caſe?
What's a fine houſe embelliſh'd to profuſion,
Where ſhoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant ſeldom ſallies,
But apprehenſive of inſulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;

* This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1. 2. 29, 30. 410.

Exchange

Exchange the proſpects that delude thy ſight,
From Highgate's ſteep aſcent and Hampſtead's height,
With verdant ſcenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and ſafe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious mind,
But ever was with jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a ſtate of indolence and reſt;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon ſtrangers as on ſpies,
But quite diveſted of my former ſpleen,
Am unprovok'd without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the ſun
Shall its diurnal courſe completely run.
Think not that thou of ſturdy butt ſhall fail,
My landlord's cellar's ſtock'd with beer and ale,
With every ſort of malt that is in uſe,
And every county's generous produce.
The ready (for here Chriſtian faith is ſick,
Which makes us ſeldom treſpaſs upon tick)
Inſtantly brings the choiceſt liquors out,
Whether we aſk for home-brew'd or for ſtout,
For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flaſk or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to ſwear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, ſo popularly known
For oppoſition to the church and crown,
Might make the Luſitanian grape to paſs,
And almoſt give a ſanction to the glaſs;
Eſpecially with thee, whoſe haſty zeal
Againſt the late rejected commerce-bill

Made thee riſe up, like an audacious elf,
To do the ſpeaker honour, not thyſelf.
But, if thou ſoar'ſt above the common prices,
By virtue of ſubſcription to thy Criſis,
And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Preſs'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'ſt a wench;
Elſe thou muſt humble thy expenſive taſte,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feaſt.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had ſtruck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Suſan would not have done on Eaſter Eve,
Had ſhe not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious Author of The Lover.
Ceaſe therefore to beguile thyſelf with hopes,
Which is no more than making ſandy ropes,
And quit the vain purſuit of loud applauſe,
That muſt bewilder thee in faction's cauſe.
Pry'thee what is't to thee who guides the ſtate?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is ſo late?
Or why her majeſty thinks fit to ceaſe
The din of war, and huſh the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to chooſe, and on what topicks dwell;
And, uninſtructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celeſtial happineſs to reach.
Rather let ſuch poor ſouls as you and I,
Say that the holydays are drawing nigh,

And

And that to-morrow's ſun begins the week,
Which will abound with ſtore of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within theſe precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-ſweeper's ſtept,
Will take a looſe, and venture to be ſeen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phraſe ſublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little ſatire,
Explode the wits on t'other ſide o' th' water.

Why has my lord Godolphin's ſpecial grace
Inveſted me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of feſtival delights,
Am not allow'd to ſpend the perquiſites?
He's but a ſhort remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is ſad,
And, like a griping uſurer, does ſpare
His money to be ſquander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And waſhy ſorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulneſs within:
As, in deſpight of a cenſorious race,
I moſt incontinently ſuck my face.
What mighty projects does not he deſign,
Whoſe ſtomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?

Wine,

Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And faſhion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to diſcloſe his art,
By racking every ſecret from his heart,
As he flings off the ſtateſman's ſly diſguiſe,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it ſtead of tea,
Fancies himſelf in Canterbury's ſee,
And S****** when he carouſing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the ſeals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commiſſioners make light.
Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
And ſwells him with his family's deſerts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of ſpeech?
Whom in extremeſt poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-ſeas-o'er, by its inſpiring bounties,
Can qualify himſelf in ſeveral counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayſt reſt aſſur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, leſt thou at their ſight ſhouldſt make wry faces,
The girl has ſcower'd the pots, and waſh'd the glaſſes,
Ta'en care ſo excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayſt ſee thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due proviſion has been made,
That converſation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To ſit with the moſt flagrant Whig at ſupper.

There's

There's not a man among them but muſt pleaſe,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly ſent me word,
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and ſtation.
Room will for Oldmixon and J---s be left:
But their diſcourſes ſmell ſo much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two ſuch ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this truſty bearer write,
If I ſhould any other ſcabs invite;
Though if I may my ſerious judgment give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the ſtint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noiſineſs perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other gueſt.
I've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay,
But to requeſt thou'lt inſtantly away.
And leave the duties of thy preſent poſt,
To ſome well-ſkill'd retainer in a hoſt;
Doubtleſs he'll carefully thy place ſupply,
And o'er his grace's horſes have an eye.
While thou, who ſlunk through poſtern more than once,
Doſt by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, croſſing o'er the Thames at Temple-ſtairs,
Leav'ſt Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

To LORD HARLEY, on his MARRIAGE, 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervations taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars purſued,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For ſuch is all the ſex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:

Yet

Yet Daphne never ſlack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'endiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain)
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;
Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by former arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and power to chooſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.

But, when a goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

Written in IRELAND, October 1714.

'TIS true—then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:

And

And thoſe with whom I now converſe
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick;
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, intomb'd to-morrow.
When known, will ſave a double-ſorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

Written in the Year 1715.

On an ATTEMPT to Repeal the TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,

Went

Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay-her.
At length to Muſick's houſe * ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
" My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
" You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity,
" Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp:
" I die, if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty † did ſo far prevail,
That Muſick gave her leave to litter;
But mark what follow'd---faith! ſhe bit her.
Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For, well ſhe knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.
But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms,---" My friend," ſays ſhe,
" My houſe you've had on courteſy;
" And now I earneſtly deſire,
" That you would with your cubs retire;
" For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
" I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
The gueſt reply'd---" My friend, your leave
" I muſt a little longer crave;
" Stay till my tender cubs can find
" Their way---for now, you ſee, they're blind;

* The church of England.
† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

" But,

" But, when we've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
" We'll to our barn again repair."
The time paſs'd on; and Muſick came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd---" A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's loſt, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the TOWER, 1716.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies?
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;

Nor ſtoops to take the ſtaff *, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die, for meriting to live.
Next faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd!
He, who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, though the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

PHYLLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:

* The enſign of the lord treaſurer's office.

In

In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the abſolution loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter man:
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl had ſuch a baſhful way!
Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phyllis went;
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was miſſing too:

The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much-honour'd father---theſe---
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a fortune-teller
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a glaſs had made her ſee
" A ſerving-man of low degree.
" It was her fate, muſt be forgiven;
" For marriages were made in heaven:
" His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
" She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
" Thank'd God, 'twas neither ſhame nor ſin;
" For John was come of honeſt kin.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" She'd beg with John from door to door.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll never do't another time.
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, maid nor wife.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The thing was done, and paſt recalling;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his paſſion's over.
" She valued not what others thought her,
" And was---his moſt obedient daughter."

Fai

Fair maidens, all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wandering pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phyl cry'd! and John began to curſe:
Phyl wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befel them,
The Muſe has now no time to tell them;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' ſhe broke her marriage vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hoſteſs;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, ſalutifer orbi;
Aſt, illi cauſas orant; his infula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.

Te

Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga,
Ut cœlum, terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ABP. KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breaſt,
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the Muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure;
Or ſuffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteady ſoul preſerves her frame,
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts that Heaven beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the Powers Divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine.

The man, who infamy to ſhun
Into the arms of death would run;
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend.

To Mr. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

TO you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe;
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topicks told in rhyme.
Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logick-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art;
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives ſurprize, and this delight.

Humeu

Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel;
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire, where he moſt commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;

Skill'd

Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious ſteed,
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeneſs is to repartee.
If what you ſaid I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.
What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves, by vexing you.
You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;
Some part of what I here deſign
Regards a friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,
But ſallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.

* Dr. Sheridan.

When

When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jeſt that is their own.
You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:
One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor indiſtinctly to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe *.
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt,
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgement) yours.
He'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muſe.
If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterwards the ſubject of ſeveral poems by Dr. Swift and others.

A LEFT-

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN*, 1718.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore;
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our Generals ſoundly did pay them:
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum.*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.

* The humour of this poem is partly loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

My

My offers of peace you ill underſtood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modeſter language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll uſe you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left-hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employ'd at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.—I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

A MOTTO for Mr. JASON HASARD,
WOOLLEN-DRAPER in DUBLIN;
Whoſe Sign was the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff,
For modern Jaſons, that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful * Dragon,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

* England.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718.

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand *, juſt where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, us'd to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgement of the old Comedians.
Proceed to Tragicks: firſt, Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in theſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.
At leaſt, I'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.

* The fact may not be true; but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble. SWIFT.

But,

But, above all, I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe kill us.
And now I find my Muſe but ill able,
To hold out longer in Triſſyllable.
I choſe thoſe rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women, as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean Sir?
"Not I, by my troth, Sir."—Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no ſieve (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen ſearcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this rebus,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1719, paſt 12 at noon.

* A damſel, *i. e.* Adam's hell.

STELLA'S

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to ſplit
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.

What though the painting grows decay'd,
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapſter Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's caſe in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-ſix:
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix, and thirty-eight;

Purſu

Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That ſhould you live to ſee the day,
When Stella's locks muſt all be grey,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourſcore.

TO STELLA.

Who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS. 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones,
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times;
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp was ſtrung,

Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt;
But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooſes for a friend.
A Poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning all topicks like a parrot,
Invokes his Miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his Muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprize him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bowers that hold thoſe nymphs divine;

Fai

Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.

True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe,
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.

Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth,
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call without our power,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,
His ſimiles in order ſet,
And every crambo he could get,

Had gone through all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces,
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpite,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time has open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;

The

The heat, that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion, with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquors ſours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?

Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

TO STELLA.

Viſiting me in my SICKNESS, 1720 *.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe numerous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,

* See the Verſes on her Birth-day, 1723-4.

It

It makes no difference in the caſe,
Nor in complexion honour's place.
  But, leſt we ſhould for honour take,
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own.
How ſhall I act, is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed!
  Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
  Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were inroll'd

Among

Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through every motion ſteals.

Say,

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
And how would cenſure glut her ſpite,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride!
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd every power to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require,
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught;
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.

Beſt

Beſt pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a houſe decay'd.

AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of DEMAR, the USURER;

Who died the ſixth of July, 1720.

KNOW all men by theſe preſents, Death the tamer,
By mortgage has ſecur'd the corpſe of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thouſand ſterling pound
Redeem him from his priſon under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.
Where'er he went, he never ſaw his betters;
Lords, knights, and ſquires, were all his humble debtors;

And

And under hand and ſeal the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not ſave,
Nor all his intereſt keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.
Oh London tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
" † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in ſpight
" Caſt-in his dart, which made three moidores light;
" And, as he ſaw his darling money fail,
" Blew his laſt breath, to ſink the lighter ſcale."
He who ſo long was current, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be cry'd down ſince his change.
The ſexton ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow;
Alas, the ſexton is thy banker now!
A diſmal banker muſt that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wiſe.
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſe in a cheſt;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.
† Theſe four lines were written by Stella.

The

The very cheſt, in which, they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT.

Upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. Swift.

YOU always are making a God of your Spouſe;
But this neither Reaſon nor Conſcience allows:
Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find;
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

VERSES, WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

At the Deanry House, St. Patrick's.

ARE the gueſts of this houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure, the fates have decreed they by halves ſhould be treated.
In the days of good * John, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.

* Dean Sterne was diſtinguiſhed for his hoſpitality.

Oh,

Oh, Jove! then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
Would'ſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt?
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Inſtead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW*.

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his ſpirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a bleſſing:
To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouſe,
By making his patron preſide in his houſe;
And wiſely foreſaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear moſt of th' expence:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of meat.
Hence they, that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with ſheer wit and ſheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, firſt, I have often by chemiſts been told,
Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that, whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;

* By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the [redacted]
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom,
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your ſake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and ſpecial good grace,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the deanry houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where for fear of the cold I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi & armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and traiterouſly write,
While Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light.
My ſiſter had lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:

That

That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill, as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endued
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd revers'd through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again:
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read every line,
And preſently gueſs'd that the fancy was mine.
She can ſwear to the perſon, whom oft' ſhe has ſeen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhewn;
The reaſon is plain, they are none of his own;
And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly ſteal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the publick ſhall ſee it, if I live till to-morrow.

Through the zodiac around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus;
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with Old Nick)
And from my own ſtock provided with topicks,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! yet here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd;
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſad criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.

And we order our ſubjects of every degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me:
And under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella, juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

The RUN upon the BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep,
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

The multitude's capricious pranks,
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Reſume their own whene'er they pleaſe.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper circulation,
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Becauſe 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in ſtate,
Like peers, have levees every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to ſtrip the jays.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch ſings,
"Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geeſe their ſilver plumes ſupply.

No money left for ſquandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
Sit ſqueezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

As when a conjurer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his ſoul, who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At laſt the trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his grand account to make!

For, in that univerſal call,
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye ſhops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the ſcales ſhall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' ſight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,

Tranſlated almoſt literally out of the Original Iriſh, in the year 1720.

O'ROURK's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.

His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep,
Fat bullocks, and ſwine.

Uſquebaugh to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a madder * our cup.

O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort,
From ſnoaring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well,
The de'el take the ſearcher.

Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this hath ſome ſavour.

O'Rourk's jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
'Till, rous'd by the noiſe,
And muſical clatter.

* A wooden veſſel.
† A covering of linen worn on the heads of the women.

They

They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without one ave-mary.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh-ſplaſh in their pumps.

Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O'Enagin *!
By my hand †, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin ‡.

Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet.

To ſhew I don't ſlinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, a Yean §.

* The name of an Iriſh man.
† An Iriſh oath.
‡ The name of an Iriſh Woman.
§ Sirname of an Iriſh woman.

Good Lord! what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer!

They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their ſkeans *.

What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clattering of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumruſk:

The earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurſt by their mother †.

* Daggers or ſhort ſwords.

† It is the cuſtom in Ireland to call nurſes, foſter-mothers; their huſbands, foſter-fathers; and their children foſter-brothers or foſter-iſters; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred to the richeſt.

Aſk that of old madam;
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—ſe.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

On a Seditious Pamphlet *, 1720.

To the tune of, "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gawſes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy Engliſh ſilks, for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip, and journeyman Waters.

* Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures, for which Waters the printer was ſeverely proſecuted.

In

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloath'd like a carcaſe, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhop-keepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks, for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip, and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire,
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks, for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip, and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *corum nobus* ſo oft' has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:

And

And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks, for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip, and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

WHEN firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her look diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But, by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

'Twixt earthly females, and the moon,
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaſpheme!

Three

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different ſite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe:

So Celia went intire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But, when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in ſight, had change'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her early ſelf no more,
But fill'd with admiration ſtands;
As other painters oft' adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cauſe ſuch marvellous effects?

Venus,

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White-lead and Luſitanian * diſh.

Love with white-lead cements his wings;
White-lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your ſiſter ſtar:
Delude at once and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
And chiefly chooſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
Cannot without a form ſubſiſt;
And form, ſay I as well as they,
Muſt fail, if matter brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals ſay ſhe's in her wane:

* Portugal.

While

While Partridge * wiſely ſhews the cauſe
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poiſonous claws
Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhow,
That ſwain Endymion is not found,
Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſteed † can, with all his ſkill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed:

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can reſtore a noſe,
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers, who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If ye would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.
† John Flamſteed, the celebrated aſtronomer royal.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe, and harder fare,
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;

The

The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth,
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grub-ſtreet rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

" Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
" Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas."
VIRG.

YE wiſe philoſophers, explain
What magick makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal ſeems to ſwim:

It riſes both in bulk and height,
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop;
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pounds;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a deſperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears---in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he ſinks.

Five hundred chariots juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led;
They with their ſpoils went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhattered on the Red-Sea ſhore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aſpiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle-way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them faſt;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wiſe are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of geeſe jump down together:
Swim, where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And, ſwimming, never wet a feather.

But,

But, I affirm, 'tis falſe in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We ſee the nation's credit crackt,
Each knave has made a thouſand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd;
But, if a ſharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwallowing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When ſtock is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-ſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream;
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be ſoon,
Cries out a ſage among the croud;
An aſs has ſwallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud.

Each poor ſubſcriber to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes, riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhews the Queen of Love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly underſtand;
For by the ſea ſhe meant the South.

Thus by directors we are told,
"Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and ſee how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your aſſiſters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin.—"
Alas! all is not gold that gliſters,
Ten thouſand ſink by leaping in.

Oh! would thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the deep to waſh their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we ſhould find
The ſea indeed had golden ſands.

A ſhil-

A ſhilling in the bath you fling,
The ſilver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the ſpring,
And ſeems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not paſs
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying-glaſs,
Than what it always did before:

So caſt it in the Southern ſeas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden ſtars for guineas took,
And ſilver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood:
There ſprawl'd a while, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

"Upon the water caſt thy bread,
"And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean ſpread,
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it:

There is a gulph, where thouſands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
  Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot ſeldom knows
  The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
  And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

" *Now bury'd in the depth below,
  " Now mounted up to Heaven again,
" They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
  " At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time, ſecure on Garraway † cliffs,
  A ſavage race by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
  And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lies,
  From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For, where Directors get a prize,
  The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
  Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating ſide,
  Though not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
  Directors build them in the ſeas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee them there,
  For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

* Pſalm cvii. † A coffee-houſe in Change-Alley.

Thus

Thus oft' by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the ſly Directors creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep,
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him up in air to hell.

Directors, thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale has loſt the tide,
The coaſters crowd to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome weſtern tempeſt ſweep
Theſe locuſts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South-Sea to the Red.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor, and ſinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the ſea,
"And ſtill the madneſs of the crowd!"

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till thoſe devouring ſwine run down,
(The devils leaving thee poſſeſt)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors promiſes but wind,
South-Sea at beſt a mighty bubble.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many different LIBELS.

THE greateſt Monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chooſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By Cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heaven beſtow'd?
Or fearleſs enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a fine mold;
Lord? how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue; and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

To a PLAY for the Benefit of the DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. ELRINGTON. 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the Weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their ſtomachs ſharp.
Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
Ladies, relieve the weavers: or they die!
Forſake your ſilks for ſtuffs; nor think it ſtrange,
To ſhift your cloaths, ſince you delight in change,
One thing with freedom I'll preſume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
See I am dreſs'd from top to toe in ſtuff;
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and ſwears ſhe never,
In any dreſs, beheld me look ſo clever.
And if a man be better in ſuch ware,
What great advantage muſt it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by ſad experience that we find
Ladies in ſilks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reaſon to conclude
That cloaths may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:

Although

Although the luſtre is from you begun,
We ſee the rainbow, and neglect the ſun.
How ſweet and innocent's the country maid,
With ſmall expence in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her ſhepherd with delight ſhe's ſeen!
Should our fair ladies dreſs like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
While wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who, at beſt, are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, From his Grace * a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
But whence this wondrous charity in Players?
They learn it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have ſome private ends.

* Abp. King.

Since

Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dreſs in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb †.
We'll rig from Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony ſhall court her in ratteen.
In blue ſhalloon ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh purple plaid.
In drugget dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's ſon amid his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With ſifty yards of crape ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhion of the Court.

Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in ſtuff,
Though money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough:
But chintze, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers and us Play-houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning:
And, next, obſerve how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are juſt as poor as Wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry ſtuff can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dreſſing.

† A ſtreet famous for woollen manufactures.

THE

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer ſpent at GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George*, Nim†, Dan‡, Dean §, paſs their days;
And, ſhould our Gaulſtown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muſe. Firſt from our bowers
We ſally forth at different hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hals him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;

* Mr. Rochfort.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chace.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackſon. § Dr. Swift.

O'erſees

O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
Or---but proceed we in our journal---
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord † and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthy ſpade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With "Church and King" the lady's gone:
Not reckoning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a moderate glaſs.
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond---
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.

* A ſmall boat ſo called.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

Now

ſtinted in the ſhortening day,
;o to prayers, and then to play,
upper comes; and after that
it an hour to drink and chat.
ate—the old and younger pairs,
dam * lighted, walk up ſtairs.
weary Dean goes to his chamber;
Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
hen the circle we have run,
curtain falls, and all is done.
night have mention'd ſeveral facts,
epiſodes between the acts;
tell who loſes and who wins,
gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
Dan caught nothing in his net,
how the boat was overſet.
revity I have retrench'd
in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
uld be an exploit to brag on,
valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
brings us hares, when he can catch them:
ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
fortune fails him when he ſets:
ow the Dean delights to vex
adies, and lampoon their ſex:
ht have told how oft' dean Percivale
ays his pedantry unmerciful,

* The butler.

How

How haughtily he cocks his noſe,
To tell what every ſchool-boy knows:
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
But now there needs no more be ſaid on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of lord chief baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
" Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
" Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
" And in a month he's at your gates;
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;

Of

Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem * and his wife—
This grand event has broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one)
George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of farther alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'D have you t' know, George †, Dan ‡, Dean §, and Nim ‖,
That I've learned how verſe t' compoſe trim,

* Mr. Clement Barry.
† Geo. Rochfort.
‡ Mr. Jackſon.
§ Dr. Swift.
‖ Mr. T. Rochfort.

Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I 'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, ſays you, t's a merry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be moroſe 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'ſtle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' ſlim,
Th' laſt bowl 't Helſham's did m' head t' ſwim,
So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry ſcrubb'd limb,
Cauſe th' top of th' bowl I'h'd oft us'd t' ſkim;
And b'ſides D'lan' ſwears th't I'h'd ſwall'w'd f'v'r'l brim-
mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
ples: m'r'o'er though m' ſcull were 's 'tis n't) 's ſtrong's tim-
ber, 't muſt have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl'and'fect'nate reſpects; that's t'ſay,
D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lſham,
capt'n P'rr' Walmſl', 'nd Longſh'nks Timm *.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN's ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulſtown lads (for ſuch they are)
Beſide a brace of grave divines,
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;
Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.

* Dr. James Stopford, afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.

The

The board on which we ſet our a—s
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes;
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A ſmoothing-iron itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wiſe taylor is not pinching,
But turns at every ſeam an inch in;
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are
Like walls, more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box;
Thy Muſe is tuckt-up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critick to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The ſhortening is the niceſt part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!

Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elſe, to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
In which they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long noſe.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulſtoun, Aug. 2, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verſe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre.
Is ſent to deſire that, when your Auguſt vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here.
For why ſhould you ſtay in the filthy hole, I mean the city ſo ſmoaky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at leaſt not one that's witty, to joke w'ye?

For,

For as for honeſt John *, though I am not ſure on 't,
yet I'll be hang'd, leſt he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that
great peer the lord Angleſey.
Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may
have one come to town, but I don't know whe-
ther he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
you ſhall go back in a fortnight, for I know
there's no delaying ye.
Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more,
I mean that great fat joker, friend Helſham, he
That wrote the prologue †, and if you ſtay with
him, depend on't, in the end, he'll ſham ye.
Bring down Long Shanks Jim too; but, now I
think on't, he's not yet come from Courtown, I
fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
a courting ſly Nancy.
However, bring down yourſelf, and you bring down
all; for, to ſay it we may venture,
In thee Delany's ſpleen, John's mirth, Helſham's
jokes, and the ſoft ſoul of amorous Jemmy,
centre.

* Suppoſed to mean Dr. Walmſley.

† One ſpoken by young Putland, in 1720, before Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written in a prologue for the occaſion) was moſt unexpectedly and egregiouſly laughed at.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I
say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a
gun, and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which
I must say is (though written somewhat at large)
trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.

Upon his incomparable VERSES, &c.

By Dr. DELANY, in SHERIDAN's Name *.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as Wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse.
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge Colossian height.
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.

* These were written all in circles.

Yet

Yet let me bleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
Thy vaſt, thy bold Cambyſian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native iſle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh, how I joy to ſee thee wander,
In many a winding looſe meander,
In circling mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, ſure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majeſty combine;
Where every line, as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be ſlandering,
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.
Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.
Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as vaſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.
Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſet of clinks;
Each anſwering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy Muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage;

And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated die,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verſe—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long ſtring, with which you fly kite,
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo * in good-humour;
And every couplet thou haſt writ
Conclude like Rattah-whittah-whit †.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his VERSES written in CIRCLES.

By Dr. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were ſent to their betters;
And, as to the ſubject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.

* At Gaulſtown, there is a remarkably famous echo.
† An alluſion to the ſound produced by the echo.

Sufficient

Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your meaſures of line by a quadrant,
But we took our dividers, and found your d---n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre * ?
'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the ſtring.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compaſs,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombaſs;
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.
Lady Betty † preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your worſhip will grumble,
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam ‡,
Which is all at preſent; and ſo I remain ---

* Their figures were in the centre of the verſes.
† The lady of George Rochford, Eſq.
‡ Miſs Thomaſon, lady Betty's daughter.

On Dr. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

By MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

WITH muſick and poetry equally bleſt,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſt:
" Great author of harmony, verſes, and light!
" Aſſiſted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
" Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
" My verſe is neglected, my tunes thrown away,
" Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo *, diſdains
" To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains;
" Thy manual ſignet refuſes to put
" To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
" Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
" Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
" Though the Dean and Delany tranſcendently ſhine,
" O brighten one ſolo or ſonnet of mine!
" With them I'm content thou ſhouldſt make thy abode;
" But viſit thy ſervant in jig or in ode;
" Make one work immortal: 'tis all I requeſt."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, reſolving to jeſt,
Reply'd, " Honeſt friend, I've conſider'd thy caſe;
" Nor diſlike thy well meaning and humorous face,
" Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
" Thy works ſhall continue; and here's the receipt.
" On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-ſtrings ſpend:
" Write verſes in circles: they never ſhall end."

* See " Apollo to the Dean."

ON DAN JACKSQN'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he piqu'd her.
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady; then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And, to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that's but my outſide, ſays Dan with a vapour,
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face,
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in taylor's meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted-ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſte-board head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan ---
You'll ſwear the paſte-board was the better man.
"The devil! ſays he, the head is not ſo full!"
Indeed it is---behold the paper ſkull.

THO. SHERIDAN *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Cloe, obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G---, ſay Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *ſculp.*

ON

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription grapphic
Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic;

pend my time in making Sermons,
writing libels on the Germans,
murmuring at Whig's preferments.

t when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
d look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for 't,
laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for 't.

l Lady Betty recollect her,
d tell, who was it could direct her
draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre?

ıuſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
ough I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
ow could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

s true, no noſe could come in better;
s a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
ıich all may handle, none can flatter.

ke courage, Dan; this plainly ſhows,
at not the wiſeſt mortal knows
ıat fortune may befal his noſe.

:w me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
ıo from her lover e'er could boaſt
ove a ſong or two at moſt;

For

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries, who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurprize
Thy noſe outſhining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

" My verſe little better you'll find than my face is,
" A word to the wiſe—*ut pictura poëſis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let then ſuch criticks know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace;
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.

But

But yet, methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The 'Squire, in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-name ſake
Should join a party in the freak,
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But, if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let criticks cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

MR.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by noſe or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down: I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many:

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir:

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worſhip'd in the gloom
of night:

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two ty'e
in anſwer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and ſtone
In your opinion are all one:
How can, Sir,

A man of reaſoning ſo profound
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo differently to confound
t' our ſenſes?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental ſtroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion;
'Gainſt feeling there's no diſputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir:

You'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook,
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took)
you'll find, Sir;

S, H, E, ſhe---and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry,
D, A, N, Dan---makes up the three
ſyllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherri two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muſe, while I labour to limn him:
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ perſimilem.
You look and you write with ſo different a grace,
That I envy your verſe, though I did not your face.
And

And to him that thinks rightly, there's reaſon enough,
'Cauſe one is as ſmooth, as the other is rough.
But much I'm amaz'd you ſhould think my deſign
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the de'el ſhould malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſterſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And juſtly ſhe's envy'd, ſince a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we drew.
Inſpir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your noſe, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your noſe been the Muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Tho' perhaps it might juſtly've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the diviſion of words in your ſtaves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but preſume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verſe:
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan ſends to Merry Dan anſwer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, moſt beauteous Dan,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women ſhould be pale and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and ſleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it:

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

Your

Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet;

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t'your gullet.

A REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with ſaying grace and prayer,
I haſten'd down to country air,
To read your anſwer, and prepare
reply to't:

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray, do they praiſe me, or beſpatter?
I muſt ſuſpect you mean the latter—
Ah! fly-boot!

It muſt be ſo! what elſe, alas!
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you're a dawb, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it:

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You ſeem to praiſe, to make amends,
And yet, before your ſtanza ends,
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my noſe
about me:

I paſs now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half!
Oh there you think you have me ſafe!
But hold, Sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound
and bold Sir,

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better, though the leſs,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant!

As

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes ſher, and RI makes ry,
Good ſpelling-maſter! your crany
has lead on't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,
BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe,
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to ramines;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore,
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.
BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
"Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you, victorious and brave,
Your now ſubdued and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon;
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vanquiſh'd fled the town,
Purſued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And proſtrate ſupplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They

They tempted me t' attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the ſky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak
In compaſs of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With

With me you left him out at nurſe,
  Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
  I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
  Juſt as he did before;
And, when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
  He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
  The more they friſk and ſkip:
The ſchool-boy's top but louder hums,
  The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load
  (A beaſt of Iriſh breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
  Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
  And lay him flat before ye,
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
  He'll ſtrut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine, he fell,
  'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
  Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
  Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
  Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear

Dear Dan, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We'll ſend him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in ſpight of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſis.
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland * or Harriſon)
Yet, by my deſcription, you'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould be glad then of it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

On his "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thouſand mouths and tongues,
Had I ten thouſand pair of lungs,
Ten thouſand ſculls with brains to think,
Ten thouſand ſtandiſhes of ink,

* Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above, p. 227.

Ten

Ten thouſand hands and pens to write
Thy praiſe, I'd ſtudy day and night.
Oh may thy Work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miſcreant ſawcy Cook
Preſume to tear thy learned Book,
To ſinge his Fowl for nicer gueſt,
Or pin it on the Turkey's breaſt.
Keep it from paſty bak'd or flying,
From broiling ſtake, or fritters frying,
From lighting pipe, or making ſnuff,
Or caſing up a feather muff,
From all the ſeveral ways the Grocer
(Who to the learned world's a foe Sir)
Has found in twiſting, folding, packing,
His brains and ours at once a racking.
And may it never curl the head,
Of either living block or dead!
Thus, when all dangers they have paſt,
Your leaves, like leaves of braſs, ſhall laſt.
No blaſt ſhall from a Critick's breath,
By vile infection, cauſe their death,
Till they in flames at laſt expire,
And help to ſet the world on fire.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;

Before

Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Cloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day alone, then die to-mo rrow

TO

TO STELLA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
While I aſſign myſelf a taſk
Which you expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung:
For none among the upſtart race
Of Poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs Delany, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY:

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up: 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain;
It coſt me lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day:
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel in anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my ryhmes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.

But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhall uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns,
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:

Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſovereign medicine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys, arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe;
But firſt let Robert on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees:
The Muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impoſſible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And ſo inglorious, after all!

Well, ſince he's gone, no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now:
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the news-papers we're told?
Threeſcore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that's the reaſon, ſome folks think,
He left behind ſo great a ſ—k.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' ſighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his hearſe.
But what of that? his friends may ſay,
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of ſtate;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

" Non domus aut fundus—" HOR.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous ſhift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's ſaucy dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept a ſtall,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he a leſs witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays, my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that in better times,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewiſe to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muſes' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Diſjoin'd, Hibernia, by the ſea)

Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill;
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
But where ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
And lay his wandering head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe,
To treat his friends, and cheer his ſpouſe?
Oh! tack, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook ſhall trout ſupply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little Euſton may it be,
Euſton I'll carve on every tree,
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—twice fifty pounds a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them hundreds—charming place!
Thou then wouldſt ſhew another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
'Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the Arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail.
Beſides, the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To puſh the lazy bottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunceforth was not near;

* Bp. Sterne.

But

But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor * from ſweet London;
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe—we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient tack,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There, preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and other ſouls.

THE DUKE's ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that ſame Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee ſurplice, verge, and ſtall,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;

* The biſhopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, if you can—be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis the way to riſe.
Talk not of making of thy neſt:
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry new repair,
And build a caſtle in the air.
I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your dear ſpouſe and you together
May breathe your bellies full of æther.
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when ſhe's in labour;
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' falls in pieces.
There you ſhall ſee a raree-ſhew
Will make you ſcorn this world below,
When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day;
The glittering conſtellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſick of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe is undone
For quitting her beloved London.

When ſhe's exalted in the ſkies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above dean Viz
You'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive, your wife to pleaſe;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thouſand girls and boys:
Ten thouſand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like ſtars ſhall riſe and ſet.
While you and ſpouſe, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a new ſun and a new moon:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celeſtial Powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Beſtow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME*.

O Shield me from his rage, celeſtial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part:
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When firſt I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from your train:
But you would raiſe him to ſupport your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

DR. DELANY'S VILLA†.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe:
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?
You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a vaſt variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,

* On the publication of "Cadenus and Vaneſſa."
† This was not Swift's, but written by Dr. Sheridan.

And

And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to ſay't I'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both.
Though ſmall's the farm, yet here's a houſe
Full large to entertain a mouſe;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your ſweet meander,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill.
For ſure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouſe would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;

In

In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There's nothing but yourſelf that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown deſirous of ſaving his pelf,
Built a houſe he was ſure would hold none but himſelf.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury ſent,
And bid him go aſk what his votary meant?
" Some foe to my empire has been his adviſer:
" 'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miſer!
" Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that ſubject " of mine,
" I have ſworn by the Styx, to defeat his deſign;
" For wherever he lives, the Muſes ſhall reign;
" And the Muſes, he knows, have a numerous " train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei

Æquorei latîcis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, & Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.
Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſupernè.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum ſævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens aſſueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.
Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmurs heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh Earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.
Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Preſents an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice, from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the Woodqueſts make,
And Sea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.
But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without controul,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roll;

Not

Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.
The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT
DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,
The Biſhop of ROCHESTER's French Dog.

In a Dialogue between a WHIG and a TORY. 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.

Said

Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you muſt know, this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the ſtyle.
WHIG. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
TORY. I'm ſtill to ſeek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunkeit, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That every dog muſt have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had thrown down a diſh.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon return to his own vomit.

WHIG.

WHIG. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But Jacobites are ſtrangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real cur,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and tranſlated:
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſt as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot ſet his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want dog-tricks.
But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:

And when we found the dog begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by dog-logick.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A dog and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are dogs indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A Houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; near DUBLIN. 1723

"—Cuicumque nocere volebat,
"Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa."

DON Carlos, in a merry ſpite,
Did Stella to his houſe invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of veniſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;

Was

Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown;
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town:
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley *:
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of — — —
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running-out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay †.

* The conſtant companion of Stella.
† Where the two ladies lodged.

The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in, you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore
The cupboard could contain but four)
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jeſt: though now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;

Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And though in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet, when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For Stella has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to ſpoil,
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:

But, if theſe topicks ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good-manners muſt give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you firſt began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid;
And every belle that ſince aroſe,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot:
For, true or falſe, they'll ne'er enquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than Prior.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or Iriſh phraſe?)
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector,
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody * * * * * ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands,

Hear

Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtrait return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When Fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We'll make a ſmall one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park and Stephen's Green:
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice.
The Deanry-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction with the Thatch'd *.
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vye with your Monthermer;
She's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope.

* A famous tavern in St. James's-ſtreet.

Corbet *, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin †, and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honeſt hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth;
And ſwears, "Belcamp is, to his taſte,
"As fine as Hampton-court at leaſt."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen; and on your's in flannel.

* Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.
† R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackſon.

You

You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in every ſtreet;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.
You ſee my arguments are ſtrong,
I wonder you held out ſo long:
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So—let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs; give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And every day ſhe combs his head.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY, ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has ſunk our juſtice Boat.
Why ſhould he ſink, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs,
His lading little, and his ballaſt leſs?

Toſt

Toſt in the waves of this tempeſtuous world,
At length, his anchor ſixt and canvas furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end † he founders in the port.
With water ‡ fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a ſtronger boat.
A poſt ſo fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are plac'd, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how ſhall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one ſenſe a pilot.
With every wind he ſail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendents, but abhorr'd a Jack §.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
Behold the awful bench, on which he ſat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet, when his ſand was out, we find at laſt,
That death has overſet him with a blaſt.
Our Boat is now ſail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our Boat || has practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimſtone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old poſt again.
The way is thus; and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,

* A ſtreet in Dublin leading to the harbour.
† A village near the ſea.
‡ It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
§ A cant word for a Jacobite.
|| In condemning malefactors, as a judge.

Fix

Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's green *;
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on 't,
We'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your ſcoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes, you muſt agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller;
In ſhort, he was an able ſculler.

PETHOX† THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy fire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil;

* Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.
† This name is plainly an anagram.

From

(From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal power deſcends to thee)
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, ſhew numerous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberleſs thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſpuſio's name,
For ſo conjecturers would obtrude
And from thy painted ſkin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goeſt.
Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horſe hath trod,

Grows

Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of buſineſs muſt retire.
The haughty miniſter of ſtate,
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The buſineſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack;
And, as an inſtance of thy power,
Incloſe him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every ſide:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecreſy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien,
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen!

The

The Britons, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have moulded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t' other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a parſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe:
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil;
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking;)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool—
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders,

Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a diſh-clout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this
letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget,
ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my
maſter comes from prayers;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming
up ſtairs;
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could
write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to
command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT FOR BEC*. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays the New-year's gift.
Firſt, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.

* Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
Firſt to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With ſix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's * cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT †.

A SONG.

To the tune of, "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

* Country-houſe of Dr. Sheridan.

† Dr. Swift's houſe-keeper.

Shoul

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt;
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

TO STELLA. 1723-4.

Written on the DAY of her BIRTH, but not on the SUBJECT; when I was SICK in BED.

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ungrateful! ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,

She, with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh cheers,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.
Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue ſtill a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Meantime, your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

" Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city filth in ſearch of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead men's ſhoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in *****'s face.

WHITSHED'S* MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.

* The chief juſtice who proſecuted the Drapier.

They

They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret *.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT,

In order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was DEAF, 1724.

DEAR ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.

* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer?
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you ſhall find, by this device
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For every day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.

Cut

Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb re-acts.
But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant, as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard phænomenon.
'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good:
And as for hands, there have been thoſe
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes *.

* There have been inſtances of a man's writing with his foot.

But

But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a FRIEND who married a SHREW. 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in:
He markt the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;
But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At ſight of Will, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapt the door.
Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell;
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace;
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to ſeek peace, and enſue it.
Will went again to viſit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But

But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has deviliſh whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds! I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd ſend her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.
Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he, who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men, who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſued with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones;
The 'prentices procur'd a riding *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.

* A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a ſcolding wife and hen-pecked huſband.

Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Inſcribed to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus." VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be ſo fair
"As it was deem'd in former days,
"By Plato and by Socrates,
"Whoſe beauties mortal eyes eſcape,
"Only for want of outward ſhape;
"Make then its real excellence,
"For once, the theme of human ſenſe;
"So ſhall the eye, by form confin'd,
"Direct and fix the wandering mind;
"And long-deluded mortals ſee,
"With rapture, what they us'd to flee!"
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bleſs and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming freſh and fair,
Now made---ye gods---a ſon and heir;
An heir: and, ſtranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impoſſible to Jove.

Virtue

Virtue was for this ſex deſign'd,
In mild reproof to woman-kind;
In manly form to let them ſee,
The lovelineſs of modeſty,
The thouſand decencies that ſhone
With leſſen'd luſtre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And ſome thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
To make his merit more diſcern'd,
He goes to ſchool---he reads---is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a college;
Reſolv'd nor honour, nor eſtate,
Himſelf alone ſhould make him great.
Here ſoon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Leſs to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And bluſh to ſee themſelves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In ſcientific ſtrife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious ſtrife,
The arts new-kindle into life.
Here would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's beſt belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now ſhall ſhine in nobler ſcenes,
Rais'd high, like ſome celeſtial fire,
To ſhine the more, ſtill riſing higher;

Completely form'd in every part,
To win the ſoul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or ſeen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His ſoul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With juſt, and generous, and ſincere.
Accompliſh'd thus, his next reſort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in leaſt repute,
And Intereſt the one purſuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and ſold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the perſon of a peer,
A peer; a ſcarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of juſtice and of truth,
Of innocence the ſureſt guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deſerv'd eſteem,
Who was the man he wiſh'd to ſeem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwiſe,
To lurk behind a mean diſguiſe;
(Give fraudful Vice the maſk and ſcreen,
'Tis Virtue's intereſt to be ſeen;)
Call'd want of ſhame a want of ſenſe,
And found, in bluſhes, eloquence.
Thus, acting what he taught ſo well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The baſhful dame, and loos'd her tongue;

And,

And, while he made her value known,
Yet more diſplay'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He riſes to the higheſt ſtations;
For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to riſe:
Let courtly ſlaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth diſdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greateſt foe.
Now rais'd on high, ſee Virtue ſhows
The godlike ends for which he roſe;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodneſs made complete!
To bleſs, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour riſe,
Like gilded vapours to the ſkies,
Which, howſoever they diſplay
Their glory from the god of day,
Their nobleſt uſe is to abate
His dangerous exceſs of heat,
To ſhield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bleſs the earth with genial ſhowers.
Now change the ſcene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher ſphere *:
Diſtreſs of nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence;

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.

For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime ſhould be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the ſun,
His courſe of glorious toils ſhould run;
Alike diffuſing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy ſickens, Error flies,
And Diſcord in his preſence dies;
Oppreſſion hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies ſing,
And winter ſoftens into ſpring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One ſex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
While he, though ſeated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Weſtern Iſle
Is made his manſion for a while,
Whoſe anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous ſway)
Weary the gods with ceaſeleſs prayer,
To bleſs him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to loſe him late.

VERSES.

VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE, who condemned the DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarry'd:
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The JUDGE ſpeaks.)

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

* An Alderman.

RIDDLES.

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

Written in or about the Year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin;
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt.

Fro

From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
Nay; man my maſter is my ſlave;
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gawdy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.

The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight,
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

BY fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with double face;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt ſink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my look.
I ſometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who rais'd me, I betray;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt.
By riding poſt, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wiſely chooſe to walk behind;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my face.
My words are few, but ſpoke with ſenſe;
And yet my ſpeaking gives offence:
Or, if to whiſper I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppreſt;
And my oppreſſion gives them reſt.
Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors every art inſtil.
By thouſands I am ſold and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me greateſt pain.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my caterer and taſter?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a meer depender ſtill:
An humble hanger-on at beſt;
Of whom all people make a jeſt.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I 'm too profuſe, ſome cenſurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my purſe.

But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, ſometimes I ſave,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and ſpend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt get up, and firſt a-bed;
Though, if I riſe before my time,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Cælia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;

What

What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the ſly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

VI.

THOUGH I, alas! a priſoner be,
My trade is priſoners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch inſinuating ways.
My genius piercing, ſharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.

The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And turn and wind me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;
In ſcarlet ſome, and ſome in white;
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the ſpirits paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at laſt all ſecrets out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemiſt none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.
Although I'm often out of caſe,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to ſeize my foe;
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can break, but ſcorn to bend.

VII. The

VII.

The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and look behind,
Bring all paſt actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad reverſe appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors, who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame deſire,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,

Phyſician,

Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For, while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her offerings here.
A treaſure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all offerings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones behind;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to look another way;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of dead renews
Unwholeſome damps, offenſive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.
Here oft' the curious traveller finds
The combat of oppoſing winds:
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and ſouth:
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent:
Or whether, opening all his ſtores,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this mingled maſs of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe crude materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;

In

In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA* TO STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With peaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Cloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Cloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſperate nails;
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.

* This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.

Nor

Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains;
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And ſuch is my prolific power,
They bloom in leſs than half an hour;
Yet ſtanders-by may plainly ſee
They get no nouriſhment from me.

My head with giddineſs goes round;
And yet I firmly ſtand my ground:
All over naked I am ſeen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parſon blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are ſpoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanaticks cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a priſoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old poſt reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of GOD's creation,
But ſprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.

And,

And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

XI.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I'm found almoſt in every garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XII.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar:
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of GOD,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats:
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip their clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XIII.

ALL of us in one way you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,

Where

Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our maſter; we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

XIV.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I while thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XV.

NEVER ſleeping, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I ſpeak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can lowe,

I can bleat, or I can ſing,
Like the warblers of the ſpring.
Let the love-ſick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy ſwain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either ſport and toy.
Though a lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I claſh, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudeſt thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my ear,
That the loweſt voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a ſilent breath,
And a whiſper is my death.

XVI.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I'm ſtill the ſame—but never new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhew a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.

All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood—no ghoſt:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor ne'er can die,
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

MOST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they're great and ſmall;
Invading foes without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gameſome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The

The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
Does inſtantly my power obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies,
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magick gives no pain.

XVIII.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

XIX.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell.
Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.

Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

XX.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T' other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of Heaven appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.

My

My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

XXIII.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To Man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoak, and ſmear'd with ſnuff;
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wiſe, and glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart;

Various

Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue:
Now brown and burniſh'd like a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with faireſt flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours;
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV.

XXV.

TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour, I'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell;
Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in YOU,

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,

And

And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
Which you ſay it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound, and revive above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

XXVI.

TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like Zephyrs fraught.
Nor Iris, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhew more different hues than I;
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt,
I'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.

Say

Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

YOUR houſe of hair and lady's hand
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy buſineſs is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſts and ſails;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:

Without

Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted;
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o'quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,

Shall

Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe;
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.

No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And, if the Muſe deny her aid
To have them ſung, they may be ſaid.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits, with his ſcythe to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:

Thus

Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better hear than ſee.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf, and mend my ſight!

AN EPIGRAM
ON WOOD'S BRASS-MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,
ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorcereſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.

Ten

Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her ſilver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
The moon is ſilver all this while.
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment † of prodigious ſize;
Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurors to the devil:
And when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

* A great Lady was ſaid to have been brib'd by Wood.
† The patent for coining half-pence.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a wood-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pé* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.
The louſe of the wood for a medicine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of obſtructions, and pains in her cheſt.
The next is an inſect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a death watch;
Becauſe like a watch it always cries click:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick:
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries click when it ſcratches the poſt
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:

* He was in gaol for debt.

e omen is broken, the danger is over;
e maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
:h a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at
the door
a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
e death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
d the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
t now, ſince the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
ıink the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
: which operation there's nothing more proper
an the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
leſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
is coiner of raps* in a cauldron of oil.
en chooſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a
faggot,
r our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

N WOOD THE IRON-MONGER.

1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:

* Counterfeit half-pence.

With braſs two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd braſs his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts,
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

Being an excellent NEW SONG, ſuppoſed to be made and ſung in the Streets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM WOOD, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight;
Obſerve, how they gliſten and ſhine!

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge *.

* The Drapier's printer.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little black-guard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your ſhoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's half-pence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade*:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you 'll be all of a trade.

I'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition,

* Two famous bankers.

A NEW SONG
ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city;
Come liſten with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I 'll chuſe to be wiſer than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The Half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In ſhort, you muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will ſuffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two pence, the Tapſter ſays not,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor Soldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier muſt be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
Which, &c.

The Butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
Which, &c.

The Beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The Squire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the Squire's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe.
Which, &c.

The

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this caſh,
For taking theſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaſes that ever we hold,
We muſt pay our rent in good ſilver and gold,
And not in braſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
Which, &c.

The wiſeſt of Lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
No money but ſilver and gold can be current;
And, ſince they will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very ſtrange,
To give current money for baſe in exchange,
Like a fine lady ſwapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we muſt ſay that his Majeſty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bleſs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I 'm ſure, by his book, that the writer is wiſe:
He ſhews us the cheat, from the end to the riſe.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he ſhews it a very hard caſe,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That

That he and his half-pence ſhould come to weigh down
Our ſubjects ſo loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book againſt Mr. Wood's;
If you ſtand true together, he's left in the ſuds.
Which, &c.

Ye Shop-men and Trades-men and Farmers, go read it,
For I think in my ſoul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

Upon WILLIAM WOOD, Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from ſlaughter,
To be hewers of Wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good;
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue ſo obſcure ſhould make ſuch a clutter;
But antient Philoſophers wiſely remark,
That old rotten Wood will ſhine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had Gods made of Wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:

But

But this idol Wood may do us great evil:
Their Gods were of Wood; but our Wood is the Devil.
To cut down fine Wood, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down Wood brings money good ſtore,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
Now hear an old tale. There anciently ſtood
(I forget in what church) an image of Wood.
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole foreſt; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old Friar, one Foreſt by name.
My tale is a wiſe one, if well underſtood;
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.
I hear, among ſcholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his ſpeech;
And ſaid, "By my ſhoul, he's the ſon of a BEECH."
Some call him a Thorn, the curſe of the nation,
As Thorns were deſign'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poiſonous Yew;
Beneath whoſe ill ſhade no plant ever grew.
Some ſay he's a Birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell you the ſecret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old ſtump, cut out of a Crab;
And England has put this Crab to a hard uſe,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us verjuice;
And therefore his witneſſes juſtly may boaſt,
That none are more properly knights of the Poſt.

I ne'er

I ne'er could endure my talent to ſmother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner, to faſten a ſaint in a nitch,
Bor'd a large auger-hole in the image's breech.
But, finding the ſtatue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true ſaint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he ſoon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a ſham Wood they carry about *;)
What ſtuff he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the ſame trial, and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He 'll bellow as loud as the Devil in a drum.
From me, I declare, you ſhall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may ſhew him about for a new groaning board.
Hear one ſtory more, and then I will ſtop.
I dreamt Wood was told he ſhould die by a drop:
So methought he reſolved no liquor to taſte,
For fear the firſt drop might as well be his laſt.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a drop at Kilmainham †.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very ſoon to ſee Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we, at each other ſhould grin!
'Tis kindneſs to hold a friend up by the chin.
But ſoft! ſays the Herald; I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is falſe Heraldry.
Why, that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is Heraldry good.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.
† Their place of execution.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN*.

SIR,

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.
If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain Engliſh tell us ſo?
For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies † this night:
And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here; I ſhould have miſſed the letter outright.
Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.
Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.
Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.
However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* In this letter, though written in proſe, the reader upon examining, will find each ſecond ſentence rhimes to the former.

† Mrs. Johnſon and Mrs. Dingley.

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wiſh, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I ſcolded and rated;
My ſoul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the caſe I have ſtated;
And me you have cheated. My ſtable's unſlated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wiſh you tranſlated,
For teazing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon madam is grown a ſad dame,
For want of your converſe, and cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P.

3 P. S.

You keep ſuch a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I ſee the ſum total, we ſhall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the ſhort, we ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I'd be glad of a knoggin*:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine a month moon-full, you won't part with a ſpoonfull,
And I muſt be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor ſupernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.

* A knoggin is a name uſed in Ireland for the Engliſh quartern.

Now

Now Wardel's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, Dear Sir, I remain,
T. S—N.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any *:
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worſt of them all like a barn-door did ſhine.
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine†,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
With me you 'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your vittles lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,

* i. e. in Dublin, for they were country-clergy.
† The ſeat of Lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.

On

On Thurſday I'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a paſquine.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of DR. SHERIDAN,

In no very good REPAIR, 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoak;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.

* The name of an Iriſh ſervant.

Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

The BLESSINGS of a COUNTRY LIFE. 1725.

Far from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not ſeen by our betters.

The PLAGUES of a COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chooſe; a church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray; no ſtraw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all ſervants
at play.

UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP. BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For, ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

THE

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and fix-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady † at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

* A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.

† Lady Montcaſhel.

‡ Agmondiſham Veſey, Eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.

ODE ON SCIENCE*.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave.

For, melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

* This is written in the ſame ſtyle, and with the ſame deſign his Love-Song in the modern taſte.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet philoſophy along,
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold,
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land,
By Folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound,
And petrifying ſong.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,

An

And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will aſſwage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age;
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well-ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoicks would complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupplied,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.

Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends,
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuffering ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft' I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand:
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a-while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors, on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eaſtern wind.
Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws,

While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in popular breath.
A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt,
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.
In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and ſattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;

As

As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF ST. PATRICK'S-WELL, NEAR TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1726.

BY holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite iſle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡:

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his miſſion; and becauſe he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture-figure, our author calls that country his native Italy.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſays, that Jaſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at Theſſaly, ſailed to Ireland.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of Britain.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh name,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood, which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons,
A conqueſt and a colony from thee:
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid *,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:
Britain, with ſhame, confeſs this land of mine
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine †;
My prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
Made your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
Not like the paſtors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

* In the reign of Henry II., Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strongbow earl of Pembroke his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strongbow became poſſeſſed of all Leinſter.

† St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as biſhop Nicholſon obſerves, Ireland ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtians, as well as the Engliſh, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature, *viz. Legendi et Scholaſticæ eruditionis gratiâ.*

Wretched

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I ſee
The fatal changes Time has made in thee!
The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land:
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing *,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.
With omens oft' I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains,
I ſent the magpie from the Britiſh ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhop's geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?
As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!

* There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a ſhort time before; and the Norway rats ſince.

With

With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offſpring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighbouring * nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my ſpring their Hippocrene.
Diſcourag'd youths! now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;
Or, for the claſſicks, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apoſtle to the Swiſs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Nor fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons (the time is juſt at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;

* The univerſity of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by queen Elizabeth in 1591.

When,

When, for the uſe of no Hibernian born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords afford thee braſs *.
But all turn leaſers to that † mongrel breed,
Who, from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A miniſter ‡ ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he § who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:

* Wood's ruinous project in 1724.

† The abſentees, who ſpent the income of their Iriſh eſtates, places, and penſions, in England.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

§ Sir Spencer Compton, then ſpeaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

If

If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in the glorious ſcheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt!
No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Juſtice ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For ſuch is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lies:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he!
Or take it in a different view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame univerſal paſſion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:

If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe claſſicks more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate,
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villain than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be ſpent!
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, ſilly people to chouſe,
  Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
  That would turn a man out of his own?

A D V I C E

TO THE

GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
  Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
  Not yet conſign'd to paſte.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
  O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
  And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
  Then let them well be dried;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
  To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing * Pope;
  And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an envelope
  Could give him more delight.

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated tranſlation of Homer (preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum) is almoſt entirely written on the covers of letters, and ſometimes between the lines of the letters themſelves.

When

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

TO A LADY,

Who deſired the AUTHOR to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style.

AFTER venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady ſays:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs;
If I always ſeem too dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;

How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;
How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth inſtill'd,
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they center,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſt like any Lady Mayoreſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day—
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my caſe at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paultry, burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape you;

Treat

Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuſe;
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpiteful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all our modern dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good-manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſleer and gibe?
Who with leſs deſigning ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance ſprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diverſion:
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt aſperſion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doſe my head like laudanum.

We, by play, as men, by drinking,
Paſs our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you muſt reply,
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtue to my ſight.
Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile;
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle;
Load our plates from every diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Colonel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.
Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it taſting and imbibing:

Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To diſcourſe, and to attend,
Is, to help yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to every gueſt,
Than he's able to digeſt;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but juſt enough:
Let them neither ſtarve nor ſtuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How converſing, liſtening, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtill?
To conclude this long eſſay;
Pardon, if I diſobey;
Nor, againſt my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.
I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.

Wicked miniſters of ſtate
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate;
And I find it anſwers right:
Scorn torments them more than ſpite.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Were I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Muſt I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the ſtrutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a ſmart lampoon,
To expoſe the briſk baboon?
When my Muſe officious ventures
On the nation's repreſenters:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull;
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the freight enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry;
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage:
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them, if I could)
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;

Leavi

Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pulteney deep, accompliſh'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb hoiſe 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean;
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your ſtation;
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on * Blueſkins.
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on: for, as
It is well obſerv'd by † Horace,

* The famous thief, who, while on his trial at the Old Bailey, ſtabbed Jonathan Wild.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Ridicule

Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world, than ſour.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon your mettle;
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake, as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.
I ſhould make a figure ſcurvy,
And your head turn topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſenate-houſe and king;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer.
As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming,

(For

(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault)
Would you have me change my ſtyle?
On your faults no longer ſmile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's uſe?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.
Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there;
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my Muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop,

All

All my fire would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays outſhine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
Should you compaſſion ſhow.

Take thoſe Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your phyſick take,
I muſt intreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myſelf before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
A gooſe attack a ſwan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her huſband's hands and face aſſail,
While he's no longer man.

Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector:
But, when the world's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chuſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe)
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you, as to my wife, I yield:
As ſhe muſt wear the breeches:
So ſhall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S* BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, ſhe'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length,
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they're out in that.
For ſhe, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,

* Mrs. Dingley.

Quite

Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;
And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe.
Thus nature has reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger * has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger ſlabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

A goodly

A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening,
And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TYGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY ſteal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Moſt of them written in 1726.

I. On a Window at an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And dozing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;

And

And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

II. At an INN in ENGLAND.

THE glaſs, by lovers' nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love has ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. ANOTHER *.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without;
And empty both within.

IV. At CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale.
The veal is ſuch carion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

* Written at Cheſter.

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD *.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home!
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paultry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* Theſe verſes are ſigned J— K—, but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

VIII. On

VIII. On ſeeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS at INNS.

THE ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confeſt;

His window ſcrawl'd by every rake,
His breaſt again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

X. ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhime;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor * Iſle's approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;

* Ireland.

Yet I find a new year's lace
Burniſhes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty ſtill.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

Written after the News of the * King's death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the Crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN ſpite of Pope, in ſpite of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay;
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

* George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to king George II. and queen Caroline.

Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For, by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Hac

Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' fall.
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt fall becauſe our maſters riſe.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any king:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.

We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highneſs walking:
While lady Charlotte *, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide,
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte,
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

None

None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs—and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

* The gardener.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpire
In men, Poſſeſſion, and Deſire!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where power and titles ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;

And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tower of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others, who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the power to riſe,
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A Set of phraſes learn'd by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In

In chooſing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo robuſtious, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſour;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topicks from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,

Let them be ſent to Mrs. Harding *;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God ſave the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at the George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribband to tye 't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And, when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little;
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will † whittle.

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.
† A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.

My honeſt friend * Wild (may he long hold his place)
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE, WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chooſe;
The Dean ſits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now backs of letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

* The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock * thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he rang the bell.

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:
A complicated heap of ills,
Deſpiſing boluſes and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard-bound,
I ſtrain my guts, my colon wound.

* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop.

Now jealouſy, my grumbling tripes
Aſſaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me ſpew.
When I an amorous kiſs deſign'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall;
Remember how I ſuck'd it all:
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hæmorrhoids;
And loathſome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in boils and blanes,
With yellow filth my linen ſtains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguiſh'd thirſt,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burſt;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropſy, like a porpoiſe;
When, if I cannot purge or ſtale,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a pail.

DEAN

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S, IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would viſit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but ſlight;
I ſaid—Why let him, if he will:
And ſo I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate,
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the Devil's in 't;
But he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or you may ſay—My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to * Aghnacloy;
Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing;
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurprizing,
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff!
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horſes too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow-face and wainſcot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe!

Muſt I be every moment chid
With † Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting Tyrant Dean!

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glaſs! thou bear'ſt that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance; but muſt by nature.

* The ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.
† The Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe names.

ON

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from Satyrs ſate and ſung.

Sir Archibald *, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favourite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's lord †.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

* Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.

† Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouze and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus,

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
" My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

" And thy confederate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with every brier.

" Nor thou, lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain:

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo
" (An old retainer to your houſe):

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
" To hack my hallow'd timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody caitif! think on me."

MY LADY'S*
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT
AGAINST THE DEAN,

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here,
To ſpunge for good cheer,

* Lady Acheſon.

I ſate

I ſate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
A uſeleſs machine.
If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;
I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.

By the worſt of all Squires,
Through bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him,
In ſtomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.
Next for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From

From ſhoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To' ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.
Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He'll ſwear ſhe's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflexion
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them,
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will fleer
Where'er you appear;
"That ſilly old puſs
Would fain be like us:

What

a figure ſhe made
tarniſh'd brocade!"
d then he grows
mild:
, be a good child:
ı are inclin'd
ɔliſh your mind,
lor'd by the men
hreeſcore and ten,
kill with the ſpleen
ades of ſixteen;
ıew you the way:
ſix hours a-day.
vits will frequent ye,
think you but
twenty.
ıus was I drawn-in;
ve me my ſin.
eakfaſt he'll aſk
ccount of my taſk.
word out of joint,
iſs but a point,
ages and frets,
nanners forgets;
as I am ſerious,
ry imperious.
ook for delight
come in my ſight;
inſtead of new plays,
Bacon's Eſſays,
pore every day on
naſty Pantheon.

If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.
But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or prayer.
He's all the day ſaunter-
ing,
With labourers banter-
ing,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in
among us
And bribes with mun-
dungus;
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's maſter, who's
man;
Who makes the beſt fi-
gure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;

And

And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew-gaws,
And gapes for applauſe;
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!
A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! howwe laugh,
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor, for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on't,
I ſmell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chuſe thoſe)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To eaſe a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen!
May Walmſley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends houſes!

A PAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and ſwain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muſe, in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part;
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg ſhall rake:
(I ſpare the thiſtles for Sir Arthur's † ſake)
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

† Who was a great lover of Scotland.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear back-ſide;
Nor need I bluſh; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer * ha'p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
Dennis † was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſate and lous'd him all a ſun-ſhine day:
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch:
Dermot, how could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

* Half-pennyworth.

† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and every louſe was gold;
Him on my lap you never more ſhall ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of * brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the † ſowins comes—
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE‡, WITH THE DOCTOR§ AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

* Shoes with flat low heels. † A ſort of flummery.
‡ An alehouſe in Dublin, famous for beef-ſteaks.
§ Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought,
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine,
Should be reduc'd ſo low,
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits chooſe gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z---ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *;
And at the Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER TO THE BEAU.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

* Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We 're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth a hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air!

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle,
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY
TO THE
FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper Black,
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdal * ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheeſe.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made propoſals of marriage to Stella.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write.
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:

T

The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promiſe, what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon)
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks, if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four mattadores, and loſe codille!
"Depend upon't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."

" Madam, the goldſmith waits below ;
" He ſays, " His buſineſs is to know
" If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
" He keeps in pawn ?"—" Firſt, ſhew him up.'
" Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
" To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
" And, Madam, there's my lady Spade
" Has ſent this letter by her maid:"
" Well, I remember what ſhe won ;
" And has ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun ?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
" My huſband left to pay for coals :
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light ;
" And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme ;
Her laſt night's ill-ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats ;
" She ſlipt ſpadillo in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt :
" There's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign."
Through every game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another ſcene give place :
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace :
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
" Obſerve this pattern ; there's a ſtuff ;
" I can have cuſtomers enough.
" Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard—
" This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard :

" Madam

" Madam, if there be truth in man,
" I never ſold ſo cheap a fan."
This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſs'd by four;
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, " Madam, dinner ſtays."
She anſwers, in her uſual ſtyle,
" The cook muſt keep it back a while:
" I never can have time to dreſs,
" No woman breathing takes up leſs;
" I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
" I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to-day—
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way!
" He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while ſurvey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;

When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhould I, alas! relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I;
"I muſt conceal my author's name:
"But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,

Are

Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare!
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Cloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Cloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not ſchoolbys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:

The

The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.
Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.
But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
" And was not Tom this morning ſent?
" I'd lay my life he never went:
" Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
" I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
" And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
" Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
" Go, run, and light the ladies up:
" It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters, ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,

Her

Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit-up all night;
" Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female-gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee ſpadillo riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the parſon came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't?
" I think I never had good luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand farther girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
" Lord! madam, you have loſt codille:
" I never ſay you play ſo ill."

" Nay,

" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay,
" 'Twas you that threw the game away:
" When lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a mattadore;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you mean to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
" That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
" Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
" And makes her partner underſtand
" A mattadore is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
" And truly, madam, I know when
" Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
" Spadillo here has got a mark;
" A child may know it in the dark:
" I gueſt the hand; it ſeldom fails:
" I wiſh ſome folks would pair their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame,
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.

But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
" A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round.
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forſwears)
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the prieſts and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;

From

From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*
T. Did not an able ſtateſman biſhop
This dangerous horrid motion diſh-up
As popiſh craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. Theſe wrangling jars of Whig and Tory,
Are ſtale and worn as Troy-town ſtory:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like Martin Marral *, gaping-on,
Not minding when the ſong is done.
When all the bees are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you liſted under,
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

And

And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teazing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treaſon,
Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſperings foiſted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink)
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide, ſo d---n'd a nuiſance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G---, you're too ſevere:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It ſhould be yours; but, d---n my blood!
I muſt purſue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious *:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the ſtatue round.

* King William III.

The

The public ſafety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories terror, ſcourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you miſtake the maſter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a puppet-ſhow:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhews
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,

Reviles

Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;
In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinellos:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to ſtir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter;

Are grown the nuiſance of your clan,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this toil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at court.
T. Got? D---n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer---
Got? D---n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I.
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores---behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and common-weal,
And fret the Tories' ſoul to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath;
And, when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo;

I'd

I'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.
  But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
" There's nimble Tim a-paſſing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry halloo?
Muſt all my d---n me's! bloods and wounds!
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And, when I roar, " A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lie,
Will they not truſt me for a ſpy?
  Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or, bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the ſable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
  M. No more---in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair:
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.
Then at our leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;

The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome friend of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber:
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife:
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lanthern broke.
One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;

One ſhows how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politicks debas'd my mind;
I give myſelf entire to you;
G--d d--n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
When I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a Fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The Monkey was completely dreſt,
The Beau in all his airs expreſt.
Tim, with ſurprize and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd every feature in't,

The

The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in åll,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
" By —," ſays Tim, and let a fart,
" This graver underſtood his art.
" 'Tis a true copy, I'll ſay that for't;
" I well remember, when I ſat for't.
" My very face, at firſt I knew it;
" Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave:
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me:
" Theſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve—
" D—n me! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſuing wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phyz in ſhow,
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM CQWLEY.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For would'ſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in every part,
Thy body's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'ſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet

Yet, when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but juſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Duſt to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and ſlobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in;
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.
But then conſider, Dick, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcowers the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Though Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the Pretender.

But

Preſto! be gone! with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe to be my lord lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on 't.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSEL

ON

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how com
paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than a
That you, who ſo lately were writing of D
Should lend your cathedral to players and ſc
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,
Above the door, or country-fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite;
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Thoſe ſacred leaves that lightning ſpares.
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-ſide)

* Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr. Swift occaſionally ſupplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation thoſe papers received, attacked them violently both in converſation and in print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes.

Paddy

Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,
At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle, in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt:
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The ſpiteful inſect ſtung the god.

PARODY
ON A
CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY.

Written in Latin by himſelf.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of dullneſs, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine
As poet, ſcholar, and divine;
With godlineſs could well diſpenſe,
Would be a rake, but wanted ſenſe;
Would ſtrictly after Truth enquire,
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigh her.

For

For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt,
A perfect nuiſance to the reſt:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they could give him.
To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had caſh to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that Biſhops were old women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice:
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *à quatre trois*.
Now ſound in mind, and ſound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any porpoiſe,
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore)
To the Eaſt Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He'll mount his tub, and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.

To Fort St. George a pedlar went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY

Dublin, Sept. 7, 17

" A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſi
" mer's heats,
" In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweat
" While ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
" Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
" Can he, who knows that real good ſhould ple
" Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at
door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,

THE ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavory ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face has kiſs'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poets' brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe—
Apollo 's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;

By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of Juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees.
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*;
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conſcience always free,
(Provided he has got his fee)
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for ſaving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken:
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhew
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-ſick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine;
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In Engliſh vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuſe,
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix!
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe;

While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;
And, diſencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Deſpiſes rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains ſides.
Lindſay, 'tis you have ſet me on,
To ſtate this queſtion *pro* and *con*.
My ſatire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honeſt man;
Yet link them cloſe, in this they jump,
To be but raſcals in the lump.
Imagine Lindſay at the bar,
He's much the ſame his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's juſt defence,
Muſt deviate oft' from common ſenſe;
And make his ignorance diſcerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*),
And wiſely do as other men do:
But ſhift him to a better ſcene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taſte his humour, ſenſe, and wit;
You'd ſwear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.

'Tis hard, where dullneſs over-rules,
To keep good ſenſe in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man, who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at diſcretion,
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lindſay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly ſave your ſtake;
And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters!
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe;
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To M—l, C---y, and Dick T——.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER*,

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. 1.

"Sunt quibus in Satira, &c."

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or humorous proſe;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgment of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,

* Mr. Lindſay.

Forbea

Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert that Hyde, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wiſdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That Force free Virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muſes' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
" Some, by philoſophers miſled,
" Muſt honour you alive and dead;
" And ſuch as know what Greece has writ,
" Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
" While moſt that are, or would be great,
" Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate;
" And you on Drapier's hill muſt lie,
" And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That poiſonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET,

BY DR. DELANY, 1729.

" Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
" Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wiſe and learned ruler of our iſle,
Whoſe guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous ſoul ſhall condeſcend
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On ſome high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richlieu roſe, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom with your wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genius ſhine;
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean; long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſerts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mute)
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind enquiries of my ſtate,
" How are your tithes, and have they roſe of late?

" Why,

" Why, Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituation,
" There are not many better in the nation!
" This, with your other things, muſt yield you clear
" Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred pounds a year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the freedom
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you read 'em;
You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decide:
" My lord, I'm ſatisfied you meant me well:
" And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell:
" But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
" Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent;
" At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
" My income leſs, and my expences more."
" How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
" A dignitary! with a city lecture!
" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what
" fines—what rent!
" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good lord but caſt up the account,
" And ſee to what my revenues amount;
" My titles ample; but my gain ſo ſmall,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all:
" And very wretched ſure is he, that's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you pleaſe,
" My horſes founder'd on Fermanah ways;
" Ways of well-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
" Where every ſtep endangers every bone;
" And, more to raiſe your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles aſunder!
" With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
" Beſide whole ſummers abſent from my garden!—
" But

" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
" I'd change with Charley Grattan for his ſchool *—
" What fine caſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
" There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph †:
" There's not a better ſteerer in the realm;
" I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the helm."—
" Doctor—a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your grief!
" When cures are croſs, a ſchool's a ſure relief.
" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
" The ſcheme is for your honour and your eaſe;
" And, doctor, I'll promote it when you pleaſe.
" Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you've a philoſophic ſpirit;
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, ſmall,
" And you've enough to gratify them all:
" You've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in
" ſtore:
" And what would a philoſopher have more?
" You cannot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
" My lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
" Or pray, ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
" Are there no wants I ſhould regard beſide?
" Whoſe breaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
" Compaſs'd with miſeries he can't relieve?
" Who can be happy—who ſhould wiſh to live,
" And want the godlike happineſs to give?
" That I'm a judge of this, you muſt allow:
" I had it once—and I'm debarr'd it now.

* A free-ſchool at Inniſkillen.
† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

" Aſk

" Aſk your own heart, my lord; if this be true,
" Then how unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—
" Say, if you had your wiſh, what you'd be at."
" Excuſe me, good my lord—I won't be ſounded,
" Nor ſhall your favour by my wants be bounded.
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow,
" (Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)—
" My lord! I'd wiſh to pay the debts I owe—
" I'd wiſh beſides—to build, and to beſtow."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE,

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on leſs,
When things of more importance preſs;
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanſwer'd at your patrons gate;
And would my lord vouchſafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his ſecretary,
As Falſtaff acted old king Harry;

I'd

I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print;
Folks ſhrug, and cry, " There's nothing in't."
And, after ſeveral readings over,
It ſhines moſt in the marble cover.
How could ſo fine a taſte diſpenſe
With mean degrees of wit and ſenſe?
Nor will my lord ſo far beguile
The wiſe and learned of our iſle;
To make it paſs upon the nation,
By dint of his ſole approbation.
The taſk is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the ſenſe of all mankind:
Who think your Muſe muſt firſt aſpire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cauſe to ſay he meant you well:
That you are thankful, who can tell?
For ſtill you're ſhort (which grieves your ſpirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay doſt offer
" To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
" Thy thanks and verſe devoid of art:
" Content with what his bounty gave,
" No larger income doſt thou crave."
But you muſt have caſcades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your viſtos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:
It's pity that he can't beſtow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.

Thus

Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he paſs'd, ſo ſwell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But Nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the yews to antic figure."
But you forſooth your all muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your affets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Harber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:

Who

[redacted]

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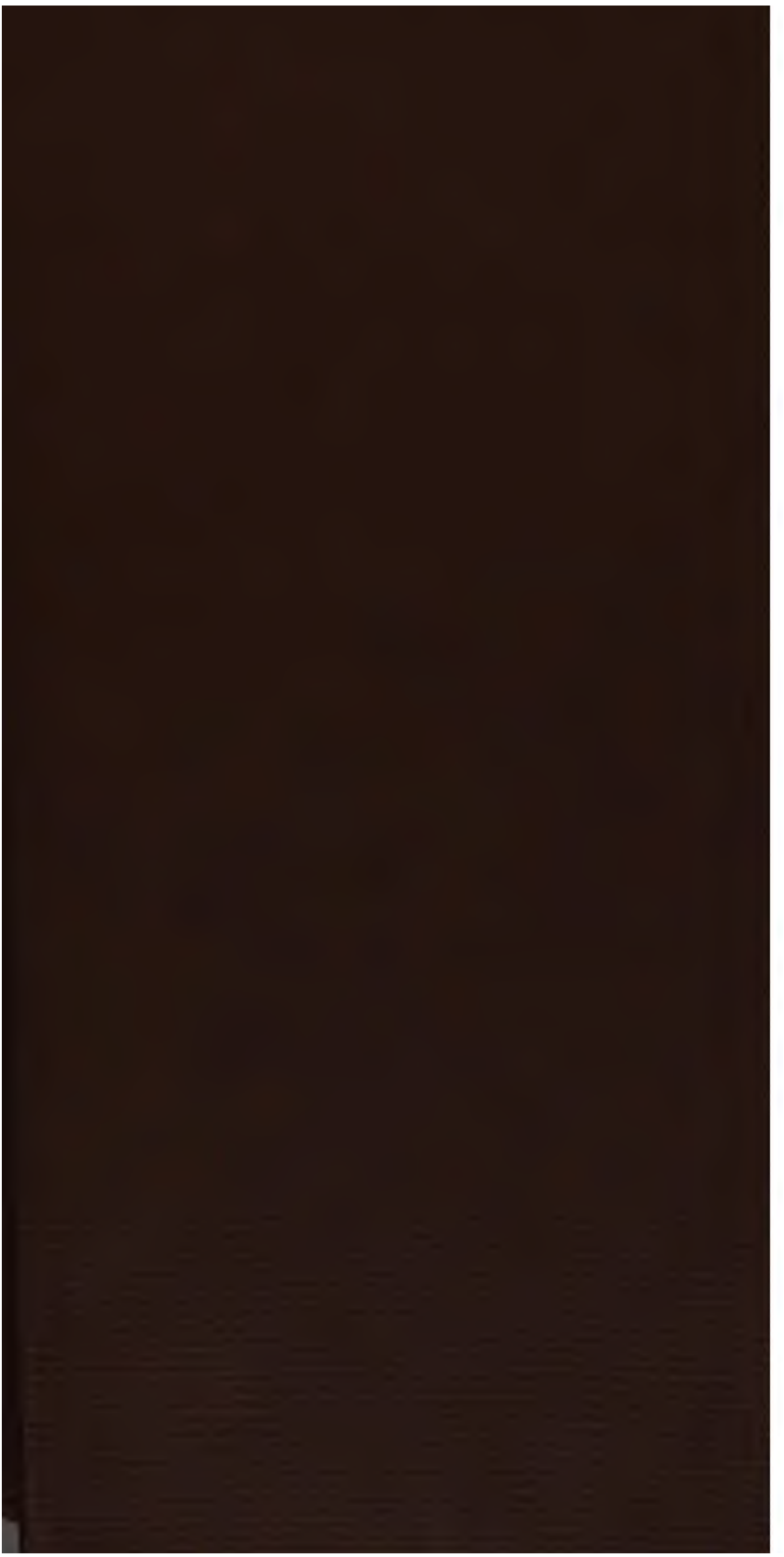
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